THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. [illegible] Historical Society J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1926.

FOR SALE—Chevrolet Touring Car in first class condition. 25
L. BEDORE.

FOR SALE—Horse and single set of harness. Apply G. VINCENT, Carter, Napanee.

FOR SALE—Barrels suitable for packing pork. Apply DOUGLAS & CO., Dundas street. 51

FOR SALE OR TO LET—Modern new home on Alma Ave. 4 rooms and bath, electric light, etc. Apply ARTHUR CLARK. 46

FOR SALE—Two storey brick dwelling, modern conveniences, newly decorated, garage. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Solicitor, Napanee, Ontario. 27-tf

FOUND—In front of Royal Bank, Bank, Napanee, Jacknife. Owner may have same by calling at the Napanee Express Office and paying for this ad.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A very commodious house and lot with all modern conveniences, situate in South Napanee. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 41

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the Fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

LOST—Between Roblin's Hill and Morven, Black club bag, containing a Webster's International Dictionary and an account book. Will finder leave same at this office and receive reward. 2

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

Phone 385. Box 139.

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.
Office :
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.
27-tf

FRED RUSSELL
Dealer in HAY AND GRAIN
East Street, Napanee
'Phone 406

DOXSEE & CO.

Xmas Gifts

We make a special display of Ladies' Silk Lingerie, Bloomers, Step-ins, Vests, Slips, Combination of Brassiere and Bloomers in all the light shades, including Black.

SCARFS

A choice collection in Crepe de Chene and Georgette.

Prices Moderate

HANDKERCHIEFS

Crepe de Chene, Georgette and Argandy, beautiful designs, hand-painted and cut work.

Prices 25c., 50c., 75c., 90c.

NOVELTIES

Powder Puffs, Fancy Ribbon and Lace Trimmed Garters, French Dolls, Sachets, etc.

FLOWERS

Hand made, in Velvet, Metal, Silk and Crepe, in all the light shades, suitable for coats, furs and dresses.

The Leading Millinery House

Men's and Boys' SUITS and OVERCOATS

Clearing at a Discount of 20%

Women's Four Buckle Goloshes $2.95

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—In Adolphustown, 200 acres more or less. Possession December 1st. Privilege to plow after this harvest. Apply U. M. WILSON, Napanee. 37

CREAM WANTED—Mr. Farmer! Ship your Cream to the Bowes Company, Toronto, and secure the highest prices being paid. We supply cans on request. We pay charges f.o.b. shipping point. We remit promptly for each shipment. Give us a trial. Why sell the whole milk when you can realize as much for the fat and have the skim milk for feeding at home. Think it over and write us for cans.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of John James Bush, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to Chapter 121 o fthe Revised Statutes of Ontario, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims against the estate of John James Bush, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to deliver or send to T. B. German, Napanee, Ontario, Solicitor for Alma Thompson, Administratrix of said estate, on or before the fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, full particulars of their claims fully verified.

And further take notice that after the said fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, the Administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claim they shall not have received notice at the times of the distribution thereof.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for said Administratrix.
Dated this 5th day of November, 1926. 50-d

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of William J. Normile, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims against the estate of William J. Normile, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, Merchant, deceased, are required to deliver or send to T. B. German, Napanee, Ontario, Solicitor for Elizabeth Normile, Executrix of said estate, on or before the fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, full particulars of their claims duly verified.

And further take notice, that after the said fifteenth day of December, A.D., 1926, the Executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claim she shall not have received notice at the times of the distribution thereof.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for said Executrix.
Dated this 4th day of November, 1926. 50-d

BELLROCK.

The scholars are practising for their annual Christmas entertainment, to be held in the school house.

Rev. Mr. Ralph called on some of the people in the village recently.

Mrs. Ruth Meeks, of Kingston, was a recent visitor at her home here.

Mr. Wm. Cassel, Napanee, visited at Leonard Meek's.

Mrs. Reginald Ralph, Buffalo, N.Y., has returned home accompanied by her sister, Mrs. D. J. Ball, and daughter, Mae.

Mrs. Wm. Bailey visited friends in Verona last week.

Mrs. Wm. Moir, and Miss M. Timmins were recent visitors at Sperry Ashley's.

Miss Ellen Pomeroy is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. M. York, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Martin, of Kingston, visited at John Pomeroy's recently.

Mr. W. J. Campsall is building a dam to replace the temporary one erected last winter.

Miss Verna Clark, Moscow, was a recent visitor at her home here.

Mrs. Zara Reynolds is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Morley Brown, Niagara Falls.

ODESSA.

Miss Beryl Jones, Kingston, spent last week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jones.

Miss Helen Sproule, Peterboro Normal School, spent a couple of days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sproule.

Mr. Sproule, Toronto, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Sproule.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Snider and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Snider spent Sunday last the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. King spent Sunday last the guests of Mrs. L. Joyce, Sydenham.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith attended the funeral of the latter's cousin, Mr. James Brebner, held from his father's home last Saturday afternoon to Kingston. Mr. Brebner passed away at his home in Watertown.

Mrs. Geo. Watts has closed her residence on Centre Street and will spend the winter months with her daughter, Mrs. H. J. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer O'Neil have arrived home.

Mr. R. W. Fare and family have moved to Kingston. Mr. Farr came from Port Hope about a year ago and purchased the D. G. Frink store and dwelling. Their many friends regret their departure from the village and wish them every success.

Hospital for Sick Children

67 College St., Toronto 2, Ont.

Dear Mr. Editor:

A spirit of warm friendliness towards the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto exists all over the province and it increases with the years. It has been enhanced to a considerable extent by the clinics which have been conducted in so many centres in Ontario by doctors from the Hospital who have picked out curable cases which up to the time of the clinic had been seemingly hopeless—eventually sending the little patients home from the Hospital healed and fitted to be valuable assets to their municipalities, instead of remaining useless and pathetic burdens.

Your readers, in common with the people in all other progressive communities, are interested in the Hospital and what it is doing. The keen interest in crippled children manifested by the Rotary, Kiwanis, Gyro, Lions and other organizations throughout the province, has been of grand assistance in bringing in unfortunate children, often from remote districts in the north country where the members of the Hospital staff have attended and have been able to help. The result is admitted and all that modern medical and surgical skill combined with loving care can accomplish is brought upon the sufferer, without distinctions as to religion or nationality, or because those responsible for the child are in no position financially.

Heavy expense is involved in this merciful work, Mr. Editor, as you can realize. Ordinary sources of revenue, including grants, fail to cover the actual cost of maintenance of the little patients, notwithstanding thrifty management. Old friends and new ones are relied upon to help in paying the difference and they include the readers of your valuable paper. The Hospital for Sick Children does not share in the funds of the Toronto Federation for Community Service, because it takes patients from all over the province.

Please ask your readers to remember the Hospital for Sick Children when they are doing their Christmas giving.

Faithfully yours,

H. H. WILLIAMS,
Chairman of the Trustees.

MOSCOW NORTH.

Winter has made its appearance again.

A number attended the shower for Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Coulter at Enterprise hall on Monday night.

Death has entered our midst and claimed Mr. Sim Shane. Much sympathy is extended to the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson, Mrs. Elias Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter and little son spent Saturday in Kingston.

Mrs. Wm. Ritchie spent a few days in Kingston with her son and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith spent Sunday at Mr. Norman Jackson's.

Much sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil King and Mrs. James Fisher in the loss of their father.

Mrs. Cynthia Knapp spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Knapp.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff spent a day last week at Mr. F. Jackson's.

Mr. Norman Jackson had one of his horses to slip on the road and broke its leg, causing the animal to be shot.

Mrs. Wellesley Coulter and baby have returned home from the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, where the baby underwent a successful operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington and daughter have taken up housekeeping in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Cynthia Knapp spent Saturday in Kingston with her daughter, who is taking a course at College.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bell, of Kingston, called at Mr. Norman Jackson's Sunday evening.

AN AUSTRIAN INVENTION.

Coming Hobby May Be Flying on Real Wings.

As if there were not enough distracting novelties in these days of invention, an Austrian inventor, Hans Latsch, declares he has invented and perfected an apparatus to be worn by individuals, "whereby every one will be enabled to do as much amount of flying in comfort and safety."

M. Latsch's machine consists of a pair of wings, fitted with an auto-car motor, which, although very light in weight, furnishes a surprising amount of power. His first model reached eighty pounds, and after the inventor several yards from the ground, and enabled him to move slightly in any direction. M. Latsch says that his invention may be turned out at a cost not higher than the cheaper automobiles—something around $300.

Dear knows where inventions such as this may lead us; but the thought does strike us that a pair of these wings might come in very handy as a means of getting across risky street intersections when speed traffic is at its height, and no "point" policeman is on duty.

'Phone 92 for clean coal—**VanLuven. A ton means 2000 lbs.**

DESERONTO.

Mr. Frank McNeill, of Yarker, spent the week-end in town.

Mr. Bruce Stoddart, of Belleville, spent the week-end in town.

Messrs. Edmund S. Louis, M. Palmer, Edward Bruyeaand Francis Shatraw, of Leaside, were in town for the week-end.

Miss Lena Naphin, of Kingston was in town for the week-end.

Misses Rita Murphy, Angela Hayes, and Madeline Calahan spent the week-end at their homes in Lonsdale.

The glass factory shipped a large consignment of glass to Toronto, Winnipeg, North Bay, Montreal, Quebec and other points on Friday.

'Phone 92 for clean coal—**VanLuven. A ton means 2000 lbs.**

ERINSVILLE.

The heavy snow storm following the intense cold wave has made excellent sleighing and farmers are making good use of it. Beaver Lake is completely sheeted over with ice.

The cheese factory has been through here and many have had their alfalfa dressed and report a good yield.

Mr. J. J. Neville has purchased a new radio.

An aged and very highly respected lady in the person of Mrs. Margaret Quinn, passed away recently. She had reached the age of ninety-eight years and was truly one of the pioneers of this locality. She had lived here all her life, with the exception of a few years when she was the only means of conveyance. She was of a very cheerful and sunny disposition. Her husband predeceased her many years ago, leaving a large family, many of whom survive.

Mr. Chas. McLaughlin of Western Canada, has been spending a few days with Mr. Frank McLaughlin and Mrs. Jno. O'Neil.

A number of the boys who have been in Flint returned for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Allan Mathews, a life-long resident of this place, has sold his farm and gone to live with his son, the purchaser of the farm was Mr. Frank McLaughlin.

FREDERICKSBURGH.

Miss Radia Rowse and Bruce Hill were quietly married on Saturday morning last. They spent their honeymoon in Ottawa.

Mr. Morley Hart and bride have returned from the west and were given a shower last Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Joyce were given two showers, one at the home of the bride's father, at Hay Bay, and the other at the home of the groom's father, Bretna.

Mr. Vernon Ackerman spent Thursday night at Sidney Parks'.

Nugent Bros., Little Creek, shipped 1750 pounds of poultry at the Napanee Poultry Fair and still have some nice birds left.

Sidney's cheese factory, Little Creek, expects to run all winter. They expect to pay $1.80 per cwt. for sweet cream milk.

The funeral of Mrs. Bailey Ham was held in the White Church, Morven, on Monday last and was largely attended.

J. R. Purdy's auction sale was held Thursday and was largely attended. Bidding was brisk.

Mr. Wm. Schell died at his home in Hawley Thursday morning. He had been sick for about three weeks. He was taken down with typhoid fever on his return from hunting season in the north country. He recovered and went out, but suffered a relapse, dying of pneumonia. He leaves a widow and six children.

The Flower Shop.

Wedding and funeral designs a specialty. 'Phone 34, John St.

WILTON.

The motor cars seem to be much affected by the frosty weather. Some are having the help of a horse to get them a great deal of hot water. Some have been frozen so badly the radiator burst.

Mrs. Rose Martin and Clinton Martin, Rochester, have returned after spending a few days visiting friends and homes in Hamilton. They motored here on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. Earl Lee, of Syracuse, N.Y., spent a few days with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Byron Lee.

Messrs. Harvey Mills and Stuart Simmons attended the Presbytery at Trenton on Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Moffatt left on Monday morning last to attend Presbytery at Paris on Tuesday.

Miss Ena Lapum is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Fields, Gretna.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Compton, Florida, extend their sympathy to them. Their little son, about fifteen months old, crept to a washing machine and pulled the plug, the mother having just put scalding water in it and thinking to get cold to put in. He pulled the plug and the scalding water ran over his little body. Everything was done but to save his life. Only for the mother's quick action he might have been much more seriously injured. He is doing well.

The bazaar of the United Church was held in the hall on Wednesday afternoon and evening, the proceeds being about $250. The concert was a decided success.

This cold spell has set the people thinking of their coal bins. Some are just getting their coal now. We are glad the weatherman is dealing with us moderately this last few days. The old residents say they cannot remember such cold weather so early in December, ever before.

Mrs. Burt was calling on her sister, Mrs. John Lawrence, of Kepler, who was stricken with paralysis, a few days ago, and reports her much better, able to be at her son's.

OBITUARY

WILLIAM GARRETT SCHELL.

On one of the most progressive and well-known farmers of North Fredericksburgh, passed away on Thursday morning, after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Schell was taken ill while on a deer hunting trip to the northern part of the county. Returning home his condition rapidly became worse and despite the efforts of physicians and nurses the deceased could not be stayed. Deceased was a native of the township of North Fredericksburgh and had resided in the township all his life, with the exception of a number of years spent in fruit farming in British Columbia in company with his twin brother, Mr. Willis Schell. Returning to this county he purchased the farm on which he died, which is considered one of the best farms in the county, well stocked with implements and fully equipped with all the labour saving machinery. Besides his sorrowing widow, who is daughter of the late Wm. Brandon, he leaves six young children. The funeral took place from his late residence on Sidney Street to Riverview cemetery, Napanee.

RAYMOND HUSBAND.

Mr. Raymond Husband, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus P. Husband, Napanee Hill, passed away on Saturday December 11th, at the early age of twenty-nine years, one month and five days. Deceased had been in poor health for quite a lengthy period, and early in the past summer underwent an operation at the Kingston General Hospital, but such was the nature of his affliction that it proved unsuccessful, and during his illness he uttered no word of complaint, but bore it all with patience and fortitude. He was confined to his bed for about four weeks prior to his death. In the neighborhood of Empey Hill where he lived and was well known, he was much respected for his many good qualities, which was evidenced by the large number of people who gathered at the home on Monday, the day of the funeral to pay unto the departed their last respects. Deep sympathy is expressed for his young widow who is left, and also for his father and mother and one brother and one sister. The funeral services were conducted at the home of his parents on Monday afternoon by Rev. Batstone, after which the remains were deposited in Riverview vault at Napanee.

SILLSVILLE

A number from this locality attended the Poultry Days in Napanee and report that the prices were good, ranging from 40 to 45c. for turkeys, 30 to 32c. for chickens, and 25 to 27c. for old fowl.

The N.C.I. students spent last week-end at home.

Miss Clara Purvis, who has been visiting with Mrs. D. A. Hough, has gone to Kingston to spend the winter.

Miss Beryl Wilson, teacher at Hawleyhow school, spent last week-end with her mother in Enterprise.

Miss Myrtle Dickson, Napanee, spent last week-end with her parents.

The bay is frozen over earlier than usual.

About five inches of snow fell during the storm on Sunday last.

CROYDON.

The snow storm on Sunday last made the sleighing good and the merry jingle of bells are heard once more.

A few from here attended the bazaar and concert at Tamworth on Saturday last.

The farmers who took their fowl to Napanee on Turkey Days were well pleased with the prices they received, which is very encouraging for others.

Miss Amey, local teacher, is busy practising the children for a Christmas Tree entertainment to be held on Monday, Dec. 20th.

Mrs. H. King has returned home after visiting friends in Napanee for a few days.

Miss Theressa Dewey, of A. B. Carscallen's store, Tamworth, is spending some time with her father, who is seriously ill.

Miss Agnes Nolan is visiting friends at Napanee and Selby.

Miss Nancy Odendahl spent last week-end with her friends, Miss Elizabeth Nolan.

TAMWORTH.

The November meeting of the Tamworth branch of the Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. W. Shier. There were thirty-five members present. The meeting opened with the Ode and the roll call responded by "My Favorite Pastime." The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. It was decided to buy another water pump for our chemical fire engine. A collection was taken on towards the Navy League. Next followed an interesting debate, "Resolved that girls should do as much housework as boys," in which the young man met his death. It will be on this survey he will determine as to the holding of an inquest.

Loucks had been working for the firm two months. He had been rooming with friends at 571 Broadview Avenue. The damage to the company by fire was placed at $5,000.

Loucks is a former employee of the Gibbard Furniture Shops. The remains were brought to Napanee and taken to Enterprise for interment.

MOSCOW.

The December meeting of the Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Pearson. The opening ode was sung, followed by repeating the Lord's Prayer. Mrs. Pearson read a very interesting paper written by Mrs. Laura Rose Stephens, which was much enjoyed. Mrs. Stephens was our organizer, and all have a kindly remembrance of her. The usual business was dispensed with and a sale of Christmas articles took place, at which a neat sum was realized for the Institute work. After community singing refreshments were served and many suggestions for Christmas gifts were given showing that the spirit of Christmas is already in the air. A hearty vote of thanks was given Mrs. Pearson, who so generously opened her home for the annual sale.

ERNESTTOWN.

The first meeting of the recently-organized Institute of Ernesttown was held at the home of Mrs. Fred Hamm on Tuesday, the 30th, with 43 members present. The usual procedure was followed, viz., opening exercises, roll call, reading and approval of minutes of last meeting and correspondence.

Several business matters were discussed and final arrangements made. Mrs. B. Laidley asked to be relieved of the office of treasurer for the time being, and the vote resulted in the appointment of Mrs. L. Crowe for that office. Following Mrs. Hamm's management and six committees were elected, those called upon to do the work being Mrs. B. Craten, Mrs. Gordon Simpson and Mrs. Gordon L. Young as directors, and Mrs. M. Wiseman, Mrs. K. Hagerman and Mrs. W. Thompson to visit the sick of the community.

The next proposition the president placed before the ladies was the place of meeting, especially during the winter months, and several ladies were heard to say, "I would love to have you at my home." Out of this question arose that of afternoon tea. Everyone seemed to like the social part of the afternoon, but the refreshments are to be limited and five of the members are to act as hostess and assistant hostesses. One of the instructive and interesting features of each meeting is to be the rehearsal of current events, and this is being ably taken by Mrs. Priest. Mrs. Hamm surprised and delighted all her listeners by giving a very nice paper on "A Man's Thought." A collection was taken, $1.53, to be added to our account. The meeting adjourned by singing "God Save the King."

Mrs. Hamm served delicious refreshments and all left remembering that they met again with a favorite recipe for roll-call at the home of Mrs. Leo Crowe on Tuesday, January 4, 1927.

Gifts for the Boy!

Skates, hockey sticks, handsleighs, jack-knives, flashlights, watches, air rifles and rifles.

SWARTIKA HARDWARE

YOUTH PASSES AWAY AS RESULT OF BURNS

RECEIVED FATAL INJURIES WHEN FIRE BROKE OUT IN FACTORY.

Gladwin Loucks, aged 18 years, of Enterprise, Ont., died Saturday night in the Toronto General Hospital of burns caused when his clothing caught fire in the factory of George E. Bilton, 27 Sackville street, Saturday morning.

Loucks was working in the spraying room, using a lacquer sprayer, with another workman named L. Farrell. Suddenly fire from unknown cause occurred, and the room was a mass of flames. Both Loucks and Farrell fled from the room. Loucks, police think, took hold of a fire extinguisher, and rushed into the burning room in the direction he thought Farrell had gone. Nothing ignited and another workman named George Henley, of Fairbank, rolled Loucks in a blanket. He was badly burned about the body. An ambulance rushed him to the hospital, where his death ocurred at 6.45 p.m.

Chief Coroner M. M. Crawford stated that he would examine the building, and the room in which the young man met his death. It will be on this survey he will determine as to the holding of an inquest.

Loucks had been working for the firm two months. He had been rooming with friends at 571 Broadview Avenue. The damage to the company by fire was placed at $5,000.

Loucks is a former employee of the Gibbard Furniture Shops. The remains were brought to Napanee and taken to Enterprise for interment.

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SWARTIKA HARDWARE

COMING :-: EVENTS

SWASTIKA CLUB DANCE in new Foresters' Hall, Tustin block, Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th. Waller's orchestra.

BIMBO, AN ATTRACTIVE MUSICAL comedy, will be produced by "B" Coy Club, during January. About twenty-five girls and fifteen boys are required, together with the customary children's chorus, and those who know of anyone who might enjoy taking part, are requested to notify J. L. Murray or G. Paul. Rehearsals will begin early in January.

THE JUDGE'S SENTENCE

YOUNG QUEBEC MAN IS GIVEN LIFE TERM FOR ABDUCTION.

Irate Father of Rose Alma Boucher Relentlessly Pursues Oscar Aube When He Runs Off With Daughter —Pair Caught In Quebec City.

Punishment in connection with abduction in the Province of Quebec runs high, says the Toronto Star Weekly. It was with a heavy heart therefore that young Oscar Aube, a railwayman, appeared before Judge Choquette recently on a charge of abducting Rosa Alma Boucher of St. Simon (en bas). He was quite reconciled to hearing himself sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, but he was not quite prepared for the life sentence that was meted out to him.

Oscar Aube is a presentable young man of twenty-eight years, and Rose Alma Boucher is a pretty little thing of some seventeen summers. She is a neighboring townships in the vicinity of the famous summer resort, Riviere du Loup, and whenever Oscar Train passed in that direction at the platform to meet her lover. If a meeting was impossible to wave to her from the window. Nothing ignited and another workman named George Henley, of Fairbank, rolled Loucks in a blanket. He was badly burned about the body. An ambulance rushed him to the hospital, where his death ocurred at 6.45 p.m.

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Gifts for the Boy!

Skates, hockey sticks, handsleighs, jack-knives, flashlights, watches, air rifles and rifles.

SWARTIKA HARDWARE

COMING :-: EVENTS

SWASTIKA CLUB DANCE in new Foresters' Hall, Tustin block, Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th. Waller's orchestra.

BIMBO, AN ATTRACTIVE MUSICAL comedy, will be produced by "B" Coy Club, during January. About twenty-five girls and fifteen boys are required, together with the customary children's chorus, and those who know of anyone who might enjoy taking part, are requested to notify J. L. Murray or G. Paul. Rehearsals will begin early in January.

'Phone 92 for clean coal—**VanLuven. We make it hot for you.**

Punishment in connection with abduction in the Province of Quebec runs high, says the Toronto Star Weekly. It was with a heavy heart therefore that young Oscar Aube, a railwayman, appeared before Judge Choquette recently on a charge of abducting Rosa Alma Boucher of St. Simon (en bas). He was quite reconciled to hearing himself sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, but he was not quite prepared for the life sentence that was meted out to him.

Oscar Aube is a presentable young man of twenty-eight years, and Rose Alma Boucher is a pretty little thing of some seventeen summers. She is a neighboring townships in the vicinity of the famous summer resort, Riviere du Loup, and whenever Oscar Train passed in that direction at the platform to meet her lover. If a meeting was impossible to wave to her from the window. Nothing ignited and another workman named George Henley, of Fairbank, rolled Loucks in a blanket. He was badly burned about the body. An ambulance rushed him to the hospital, where his death ocurred at 6.45 p.m.

Chief Coroner M. M. Crawford stated that he would examine the building, and the room in which the young man met his death. It will be on this survey he will determine as to the holding of an inquest.

Loucks had been working for the firm two months. He had been rooming with friends at 571 Broadview Avenue. The damage to the company by fire was placed at $5,000.

Loucks is a former employee of the Gibbard Furniture Shops. The remains were brought to Napanee and taken to Enterprise for interment.

MOSCOW.

The December meeting of the Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Pearson. The opening ode was sung, followed by repeating the Lord's Prayer. Mrs. Pearson read a very interesting paper written by Mrs. Laura Rose Stephens, which was much enjoyed. Mrs. Stephens was our organizer, and all have a kindly remembrance of her. The usual business was dispensed with and a sale of Christmas articles took place, at which a neat sum was realized for the Institute work. After community singing refreshments were served and many suggestions for Christmas gifts were given showing that the spirit of Christmas is already in the air. A hearty vote of thanks was given Mrs. Pearson, who so generously opened her home for the annual sale.

ERNESTTOWN.

The first meeting of the recently-organized Institute of Ernesttown was held at the home of Mrs. Fred Hamm on Tuesday, the 30th, with 43 members present. The usual procedure was followed, viz., opening exercises, roll call, reading and approval of minutes of last meeting and correspondence.

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THE JUDGE'S SENTENCE

YOUNG QUEBEC MAN IS GIVEN LIFE TERM FOR ABDUCTION.

Irate Father of Rose Alma Boucher Relentlessly Pursues Oscar Aube When He Runs Off With Daughter —Pair Caught In Quebec City.

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"It certainly was great to hear Mother's voice!"

"I telephoned home a few minutes ago, Bill, and it certainly was great to hear mother's voice!"

"You telephoned to Argyll! But it's well over a hundred and fifty miles isn't it?

"Oh, sure—a hundred and sixty-five to be exact, but it was just as easy to talk as if she was only on the other side of the college grounds."

So satisfactory is Long Distance service that talks between friends separated by hundreds of miles are daily occurrences. The practice is growing.

Have you tried the service? If not, give it a trial today. Surprise the folks at home by a telephone visit.

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"BLIND MAN'S BUFF"

William the Conqueror Brought This Game Over From France.

Many of us, probably, will soon be indulging in a romp and a game of "Blind Man's Buff," for this old French game still enjoys a decided popularity.

It was brought over to England with William the Conqueror, and was played frequently by his courtiers and soldiers. It was a comparatively new game in those days, however, and undoubtedly it was in favor so much —particularly with the latter—because of its origin, the story of which is a very interesting one.

There lived in France towards the end of the tenth century a brave warrior called Jean Colin. He figured prominently in many French wars, and was given the name Colin Maillard because he generally went to battle carrying a steel mallet, which he used, on all possible occasions, to batter his enemy with.

During one important battle he came into conflict with the Count of Louvain, but unluckily for himself he was in a disastrous mood, and in the first few minutes of the fight he had the misfortune to lose both of his eyes. He did not give up, however, and asked that he might be led into the midst of the fray.

His wishes were complied with, and when he found himself once more in contact with the enemy he seemed suddenly to possess extraordinary strength. With terrific energy and amazing skill he soon succeeded in putting the whole of the rival army to flight, and thus achieved a wonderful victory for France.

The story of his exploits was soon known among the masses, and appealed to them too, and before long the French children were enacting them in a game which they called "Colin Maillard," after the pseudonym of the national hero.

This game was played very much as it is to-day, for the child who was blindfolded had to grope for a victim with his hand, and hit him.

It is easy to see how the first two names which go to form the present name of this ancient game originated, but the significance of the word "Buff" is not so widely appreciated.

It has its derivation, however, in an old French word, "buffe," which was used to signify a blow given on the cheek, and it is more than probable that our slang word "biff," which has a similar meaning, sprang from it too.

SURNAMES TELL TALES.

Surnames Were Adopted About the Time of the Norman Conquest.

It was not until after the Norman Conquest that surnames were adopted. They were first given as nicknames to suit particular individuals. To-day we rarely find any appropriateness in the names we bear. The greatest hero of the day may easily carry the name Coward, while Mr. Fox may be anything but sly. Yet it is probable that the first man to bear the name of Fox was pre-eminent in cunning, just as the first Parrott, or Parratt, was most likely a great talker.

Many people were named by reason of their possession of some quality which was associated with a particular animal. Hart, for instance, was doubtless a timid runner, and Nightingale could sing. As for the Ruddocks (robin redbreast) and Woodpile (woodwale, a woodpecker), they probably received their names from the signs they favored outside their doors.

The most interesting names are those which plainly originated through the occupation of those who held them. There is no doubt about Shepherd, Hedger, Herd, or Heard. Ackerman was the man who drove the plough over the acres; Swinnerd tended swine; and Calvart looked after the calves; while Wethered was a wether-herd, and Goddard a goatherd.

The thatcher who roofed the manors and hovels of the day was probably Thackeray, but as his materials would vary according to the district, his name would also vary. Thus, where reeds were used he would be a Reader, or, as we often spell it to-day, Reader. Or he might be named Hiller, because he put the "hill" on a house.

The Millers, Millars, or Mfiners of to-day need be in no doubt as to what their forefathers did. "Milne" was the old name for mill. The Smiths are also free from doubt, and so are the Bakers, the Clarks, and the Butchers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

CHRISTMAS LESSON: THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH.

Sunday, Dec. 19.—Luke 2 : 8-20.

Golden Text—Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. (Luke 2 : 10).

Was Christ born at Bethlehem? To reverent Christians that will sound like an unnecessary and foolish question, yet thirty years ago it was popular among many critics of the Bible to answer in the negative. The first four verses of the second chapter of Luke were among such critics "generally acknowledged to be the most doubtful passage in the New Testament." Those four verses tell us of the decree from Caesar Augustus "that all the world should be taxed," issued "when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria," and that this enrolment for taxation was what brought Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom Jesus was to be born, "out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem."

But one of the great archaeologists and scholars of our generation, Sir William M. Ramsay, took up the challenge of the critics, and showed that Luke's statement successfully meets the test of the most exacting historical and critical study. Sir William's book, "Was Christ Born at Bethlehem: A Study on the Credibility of St. Luke," is a masterpiece of scholarship and faith.

Seven centuries before Christ was born the Prophet Micah, by supernatural inspiration wrote: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting (Micah 5 : 2).

The night of the nativity had come. God chose to announce the wondrous birth that first Christmas night to Bethlehem's shepherds. David was a shepherd, and the Son of God is called, in different Scriptures, the Good Shepherd, the Great Shepherd, the Chief Shepherd.

As an angel of the Lord appeared to these shepherds, "the glory of the Lord shone round about them." This "may have been the shekinah glory, which filled the tabernacle of the children of Israel in the wilderness. (Ex. 40 : 34, 35).

Why were the shepherds "sore afraid" as they saw the angel and the glory of the Lord? Sinful man is always afraid in the conscious presence of God—unless, that is, he has God's own assurance of peace and reconciliation. And that was the message the angel brought to these shepherds. Over against the words "sore afraid" are the words "Fear not." Over against man's sin is God's grace. Man has every reason to fear if there is no Gospel.

"Good tidings of great joy"—that is the Gospel. "Which shall be to all people"—that is the universal Gospel. God's "unspeakable gift" of His Son is for the whole world. What are we, who have received God's gift, doing to tell those parts of the world that have never heard of it?

The gift is described by the angel to the shepherds in three ways. There was born that day "a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

A Saviour: That is good news to sinners, who cannot save themselves.

Christ means "anointed"; this Saviour is anointed by God for His saving mission.

And this Saviour is the Lord Himself.

After describing the sign by which the shepherds should know the Saviour—"the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger"—the angel is suddenly joined by a vast Heavenly host, praising God in the Christmas hymn, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." So angels can be visible and audible to men. Let us remember that the Bible deals with facts not fancies.

Then the angels "were gone away from them into Heaven." So Heaven is not a condition, as some would tell us, but a place.

The shepherds now gave a remarkable exhibition of their own faith. A pastor, preaching on this lesson, has said that a good many Christian people in the shepherds' place would have said to each other that night: "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see if this thing be come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us."

The shepherds said something entirely different. Here are their words: "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

They had not yet seen it; they had no way of knowing that it had come to pass except the word of the Lord. But that is faith: to believe God's word without any other evidence. When we say "if" where God says "is," we are substituting unbelief for faith. When God says "is," so it always safe to say that we know it is so.

The good news, or Gospel, was too good to keep to themselves, and the shepherds spread it abroad. If every Christian would be as keen as these Bethlehem shepherds were, to tell what he knows about Christ, it would not take long to evangelize the world.

It is popular to-day, to glorify man. There was none of that on the first Christmas night. The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen." Let us get back to the simplicity of that day, when God alone is seen as worthy of man's glory and praise.

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WALLACE'S

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ROBT. LIGHT. 44tf

WHAT BRAKES WILL AND WON'T DO

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Brakes exert their greatest effect just before the wheels stop and the tires begin to skid.

One brake gradually applied will give better results on the level or on up grades than either one or both suddenly applied.

Brakes unevenly adjusted will throw a vehicle sidewise out of its track.

Sudden application of both foot and emergency brakes hastens the "slewing" of the vehicle from its track and the period during which the whole dependence is on the skidding friction of the tires. This statement does not apply to steep down grades.

Brakes applied so as to lock the wheels prevent using the engine as a brake.

Two brakes, foot and emergency, when in fine adjustment and in good condition, will not stop the vehicle on level or up grades as quickly as one.

Brakes will not stop a vehicle in as short a space when they lock the wheels and cause skidding as when they are applied to the point just short of locking the wheels.

Brakes will not give proper results when only part of the braking surface is bearing, because of uneven adjustment on different wheels, because one shoe bears only a part of the braking surface, because oil is dripping on the brake drums, because brake lining is gone from that portion of the brake surface which is bearing.

Even though a brake lining is made of asbestos, which is virtually incombustible, a dragging brake is fully capable of fire.

If brakes are permitted to drag the brake lining and brake drums will be worn down unnecessarily. If the drag is pronounced, sufficient friction heat may be generated when the car is on the road to burn the paint off the brake drums and surrounding parts, and in certain cases I have found, actually starting a fire. Trying out the brakes with the rear wheels jacked up, will reveal such dragging, and will also show whether the right and left wheel brakes are operating alike.

Automobile owners are taking a chance if they fail to see that their brakes are well inspected every 500 miles or thirty days, depending on the use to which the car is put.

Inspect them—NOW!

JUDGING SEED GRAIN

(Experimental Farms Note.)

In judging seed grain the judge keeps constantly in mind those factors which go to make grain of greatest value for seeding purposes. He must have in mind a clear-cut definition of what good seed grain really is. This may be defined as grain which is free from seeds of weeds as well as other kinds and varieties of cultivated grain and from all inert matter; it should be bright, free from mustiness, of reasonably good colour, plump and uniform in size; it should be free from damage due to severe threshing or other causes, and should show no signs of disease.

In close competitions, where the number of exhibits is large and the quality of a high order, the judge is required to make very fine discriminations, but if he has a keen eye and the ability to balance values, he is usually able to find merits in some samples which are lacking in others. Those who have judged, especially at the larger exhibitions, will recall instances where overly-enthusiastic exhibitors damaged their samples in endeavoring to make them appear particularly plump and to increase the weight-per-measured bushel. The most common damage arises from the practice of "clipping" grains intended for exhibition. This "clipping" process usually consists in jarring the grain in a tub or other receptacle and "chopping" the grain with a spade in order to remove the unfilled tips of the kernels. This applies particularly, of course, to oats and barley samples. This "clipping", if not carried to excess, may do little harm, but it often is overdone, with the result that the ends of the grains are exposed, if not actually broken. Such grain is not considered as desirable for seed as is grain which is left in a more natural state, may be penalized severely.

It is seldom possible to make determination tests of seed in advance of an exhibition so the judge must examine the grain closely for any evidence of low vitality. It is not possible to detect slight differences in vitality between samples, but where samples are shown which have suffered severely either by unfavorable weather conditions or by unsatisfactory storage, it is possible often to locate them.

In the actual judging of grain it is advisable first of all to locate what appears to be the best samples; then locate the sample which appears to deserve first place. With the first placed, the next best sample is located and so on down the line until the required number of prize winners is secured. With these lined up in the order in which they have been placed, they are then checked up carefully to insure that each occupies its proper place in relation to the others.

A Substitute for Sugar.

If you find that you have to order sugar more frequently than you like, buy a pound of alpha-anti-aldoxime of perillal-dehyde. This single pound will go as far as a ton of common sugar. It is made from the oil of a plant known to the Japanese as "Shico" and to the botanist as "Perilla," and is two thousand times sweeter than sugar.

It is not in the least like any of the natural sugars in structure, although it is composed of the same elements—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, the common elements of all foods. Yet if the same number of atoms of the same elements, attached to one another in the same way, are arranged in a slightly different position, the resulting compound is not sweet at all.

Here and There

The third great International exhibition of leather goods will be held in Milan, Italy from January 22 to 29, and promises to be a greater success than either of the four exhibitions held in Europe. Business transacted during the first two exhibitions amounted to over $18,000,000.

All taxes formerly required to be paid in Italy on hotel bills, baths and medical attention in health resorts, have been abolished, according to recent information given out by the Royal Consul General of Italy. Such information will prove interesting to tourists contemplating a visit to that country.

Quebec—What is said to be a record shipment of eels, 168 tons, left this port for New York recently, the last of eight consignments since the beginning of November, all for the same city. New Yorkers have acquired a partiality for the eel from the region below Quebec, and the trade is growing each year.

One of the largest farm sales in several months to a single immigrant family was recently effected by the purchase of a 720-acre tract five miles south-east of Brandon by a Lutheran farmer and four sons; the purchase price being $28,800. According to Dr. A. T. Connell, the farm is well equipped with stock and buildings.

Sheep from the Prince of Wales' Alberta ranch, south-west of Calgary, are superfine, according to Walter Charles Priddy, of the Corridale Sheep Co., Gridley, California. He has just purchased forty head of imported Shropshires from the Royal ranch, as well as fifteen from other flocks in the district.

Asbestos waste as a soil strengthener is the latest in the line of by-products. Early this year the Development Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway undertook an investigation and inaugurated a series of experiments in the use of this material. Macdonald College actively co-operated and results so far show that this material has a real value when applied to certain soils.

A valuable consignment of twenty-six silver black foxes valued at approximately $20,000 was handled by the Canadian Pacific Express Company in Montreal recently. The animals were shipped directly from the Merritt Silver Black Fox Ranch at Merritt, B.C., and will be forwarded to Messrs. Baullon and Paulin, Grenoble, France, to a new fox ranch of which this British Columbia shipment will be the nucleus.

Completing the first 3,200 miles of a ten thousand mile journey from Liverpool to Osaka, Japan, thirty canaries valued at a hundred pounds sterling, arrived at the Canadian Pacific Express Company sheds in Montreal recently and left from the Windsor street station for Vancouver. They came over on Canadian Pacific liner Montroyal to Saint John and although they had experienced somewhat of a stormy crossing, were in fine feather and singing at the top of their voices.

Completing a two month visit to Canada during which he has traversed the Dominion from Québec to Victoria, returning through the United States, C. C. E. Young, in charge of first-class booking office of the Canadian Pacific Railway in London, Eng., seen at headquarters of the system in Montreal recently, declared that the country had been a revelation to him, fully explaining the great attraction it is increasingly exercising on tourists. "The great facility of travel, luxuriousness of the hotels and the opportunity for seeing practically virgin territory make up a combination of advantages that are perhaps not to be found elsewhere in the world today," he said.

Herring's Hard Life.

In point of food value, and as an article of commerce, no fish equals the herring. And no other fish is the prey of more enemies or is more defenceless. The herring's only hope of safety, in fact, lies in its numbers; no fish, not even the whale, will risk meeting a shoal of herring. To become surrounded by a mighty shoal would be to court certain death from suffocation; for this reason the herring's enemies attack a shoal from the rear.

But it is in the spawning stage that the herring suffers most. Out of the 31,000 eggs that constitute the normal herring roe, only twenty-nine survive the hatching period. This heavy mortality is due partly to unfavorable breeding conditions and to the depradations of the countless creatures, from shell fish to cod, that feed on the herring's eggs and fry.

The spawning of the herring is one of the unsolved mysteries of the sea. Other species spawn at set times; the herring often changes its spawning season, for a reason that has not yet been discovered.

A Royal Privilege.

While the ex-Kaiser, who is unable to find a publisher for his sermons, is a mere layman, our own King, says Tit-Bits, holds a clerical appointment entitling him to preach. His Majesty is a Prebendary of St. David's Cathedral, receives one pound per annum in respect of that office, and is entitled thereby to preach in the cathedral—but only once a year.

RECORD SLEEPS.

"Rags" That Have Lasted for Many Months.

The increase of that distressing complaint sleeping sickness recalls the fact that Rip Van Winkle has many parallels in real life. There have been numerous cases of men, women, and even children who have slept for months and even years, and who have defied all the efforts of the greatest doctors and surgeons to wake them from their slumbers.

One of the most famous cases hails from Paris, where the victim died after a sleep that lasted for two wide years. Marguerite Boyenval, of Theseelez, near St. Quentin, was fetching in the kitchen of her home, when a girl friend ran in and jokingly exclaimed: "Fly, Marguerite, the gendarmes are coming to arrest you!" With a cry the girl fell to the ground in a cataleptic sleep.

An eminent physician tried every means to awaken the girl, but without success. At last, abandoning his efforts in that direction, he turned his attention to nourishing and sustaining his patient until she should awake of her own accord.

The method adopted was to bathe the sleeper night and morning in thin gruel and milk, introducing a little of the same fluid into the throat by means of a spoon. The liquid thus absorbed was found sufficient to keep the heart beating and sustain life.

When the girl fell asleep she was nineteen, quite pretty, and fair in complexion. As the months rolled on, her face, instead of filling out, over which the lids were closely drawn, became sunken; and all the facial bones could be counted. Soon the body was simply a bundle of bones, over which the skin was stretched like vellum.

No doctor succeeded in waking her, but one day the sleeper, who was closely watched during her long slumber, was seen to move her right arm of her own accord, then her head. At last, slowly opening her eyes, the young girl—now in appearance an old, old woman—looked wonderingly round the room. For twenty minutes her heart continued to beat, and the doctors were hopeful of saving her life, when, raising herself by a great effort, she uttered a few unintelligible words and fell back dead.

Those who have slept for periods of six months and longer have seldom lived after their awakening. An exception to this, however, is found in the case of a Russian of the name of Pavlikin, who slept for seven months in his home in a small village some twenty miles from Moscow.

One day he fell asleep while working in the fields. He was found by his wife, who had him carried to their cabin and laid on the trestle-bed. When some days passed and still he slumbered she managed to secure the services of a local doctor, whose practice was among the peasantry, but though he tried his best all his efforts to awaken the sleeper were futile.

For seven months this state of affairs continued. No effort was made to feed the slumberer, but he did not appear to lose flesh to any appreciable degree.

Then, after seven months, the man, who had been lying on his back, was found to have turned over on his left side, his left arm being tucked under his head. The doctor was quickly sent for. After examining the patient he injected a powerful drug, which took instant effect.

The man opened his eyes, stretched his arms above his head, yawned, and attempted to get out of bed. But his limbs were as weak as an infant's, and he would have fallen to the ground had not the doctor pushed him gently back. He was carefully fed and nursed, and in a fortnight was sufficiently recovered to go about his work.

BEARDS.

Is a Production of Nature to Protect Man.

Not so very long ago practically every man wore a beard. But, for all that, shaving has not long enough history. It was introduced by Alexander the Great.

This great commander noticed that in personal combats the man who first got a firm grip of his opponent's beard was bound to conquer. So Alexander's battalions went forth beardless, and did so well against their bearded enemies that poor Alexander was reduced to sighing for fresh worlds to conquer.

Since then shaving has been a rule in many of the world's most famous armies.

Yet a beard is a production of nature, with a definite purpose. At best, and the doctors were hopeful of saving her life, when, raising herself by a great effort, she uttered a few unintelligible words and fell back dead.

Those who have slept for periods of six months and longer have seldom lived after their awakening. An exception to this, however, is found in the case of a Russian of the name of Pavlikin, who slept for seven months in his home in a small vil-

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SNOWSHOE TRAILS IN NORTHERN WOODS

The forests in winter time present an attractive appearance. Photographs show: Upper left, typical winter scene after snowfall; lower, one of the intelligent husky dogs of the Northland; Upper right, handtime in the bush; lower, dog team on the trail.

"Blanc Bec Trails," a new out-of-doors feature which will take the visitor out into the forests of Northern Ontario and Quebec under the guidance of experienced woodsmen and trappers, will be operated this winter by several outfitters in the northern sections of those two provinces, it is announced by the Tourist Department of the Canadian National Railways. These have been arranged to meet the demand for facilities for spending a winter outing in the woods and the men who will operate them are outfitters who have had wide experience in caring for hunting and fishing parties. Travel will be over trap lines, on well-beaten trails, by dog team and snowshoes and the visitor will be able to make woods trips of from 50 to 200 miles, under conditions which will provide for the comfort and convenience of the inexperienced woodsman.

A GRIPPING ROMANCE

By OTILLIA F. PFEIFFER

(Copyright, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Coddling my dear—that is the system we are to employ with Cousin Royliston. The men all like it."

"Is he really a cousin?" inquired Prudence Blake of her sister, a spinster like herself, though ten years her senior.

"Well, maybe third or fourth, removed, but he hasn't many of near kin, and it is probably because of our relationship, distant though it may be, that he has chosen our home to recruit his health in."

"Why, is he an invalid?" questioned the seemingly artless Prudence.

"No, but he has been a victim of the prevailing grip epidemic and his doctor said a few weeks' convalescence away from business cares was necessary."

"Yes, we must be helpful and kind to the sick and weak," sighed Prudence pathetically.

"You mean we must seize all golden opportunities," reported Dorcas tartly, valuing the dampering platitudes of her sister at their true worth. "Cousin Royston is a man of means, a comparatively young man, and—who knows?" And Dorcas prepared to put her coddling system into practical operation, and Prudence hunted up her most captivating ribbons and laces.

Weird Royliston heaved a sigh of relief anticipatingly of coveted peace and rest as he reached the isolated town of Clyde.

"You do not look very well, Cousin," were the first encouraging words of Dorcas. "Our brother Ezra has just received his medical diploma and he will call to look you over."

"Why I am not sick," said Royliston. "We never know in a case like yours," observed Dorcas in a dolorous tone. "They say the after effects are sometimes very severe. But you will have at hand faithful nurses."

Royliston made a wry face, unobserved by his officious relatives, when he sat down to his first meal. He was hungry as an ox, but cream toast, thin gruel and a single poached egg were proffered him.

"Brother is very strict as to the alimentary regime," droned Dorcas. "Prudence he sure that Cousin Royliston's room is ventilated just right and a warming pan pressed between the sheets before he retires." And then came Brother Ezra, a cadaverous young man who gloomily kept his eye on Royliston as though he was analyzing him with view to protracted medical treatment.

"I shall send over some medicine in the morning," he announced sepulchrally, "a few gargles and lotions," and he left a phial of pellets which Royliston promptly tossed out of the window when he reached his room. In the morning there arrived a package of counter-irritants, lotions and the like, and all that day the sisters watched Royliston with an assiduity and vehemence that nearly drove him wild. To cap the climax, after dark Dorcas solemnly tendered a little package.

"A blister Brother Ezra sent," she explained. "Drastic he says, but sure to prove beneficial. Prudence and I will sit up to night, Cousin Royliston, and you must promptly call us if you feel any bad symptoms. The after effects of the fatal grip must be warded off, you know."

"Grip," muttered Royliston, as he reached his room. "Of all the busybodies. The only grip I am interested in is this," and he opened his single piece of baggage and proceeded to pack it. "I'll make my escape before they poison me. If I have to jump from the window."

That was just what Royliston had to do an hour later. Gazing thence he observed the reflection of a light in a lower room. He could not leave the house that way, without apprizing his jailers. He dropped his grip from the window, followed with the aid of a trellis and made tracks speedily.

Royliston turned from the house and town. His idea was to seek the first safe shelter that presented. At the end of a five-mile tramp, wearied and forlorn, turning a bend in the road he came upon a horse and wagon at a standstill. A shapely, golden-haired girl was mending the broken harness, musically upbraiding and then petting the steed, who had attempted to run away.

Royliston came chivalrously forward and assisted her in getting things to rights, casually explaining his quest for some settlement or roadside inn.

"The nearest town is ten miles distant," his bright, sensible new friend told him, "but we live a little further on. Father will be waiting up, for I have been delayed delivering some eggs and butter, and he will house you for the night, I am sure."

But Ward Royliston was destined to remain at the home of Jacob and Irma Daniels for the rest of his prescribed vacation. A bluff, hearty, even-minded old man, the father showed him the beauties and benefits of strengthening fare and real outside life, while Irma—

Ah, fate had been kind and that chance meeting had solved all Ward Royliston's trouble, for when he went back to the city to look up his neglected business affairs there was to be a speedy return, for Irma and he were engaged.

The Misses Blake and Brother Ezra were not among the invited guests to the wedding. "That horrid, ungrateful man" made sure never again to get into their clutches.

FASHIONS IN TREES.

At Present Larch Is More Popular Than Ever.

Eight hundred acres of the ancient forest of Wyre, in Worcestershire, are being cleared of oak and planted with larch by the Forestry Commission, which, if our great-grandfathers could have heard it, would have shocked them profoundly. A hundred years ago oak was so badly needed for the building of ships that large grants of land were made over by the Crown to persons who undertook to plant trees and sell the timber to the dockyards.

Yew was the most important of English trees in Norman times, for yew was needed to make bows; then came oak and elm for shipbuilding, and firs for making masts and spars. When iron supplanted oak in the shipyards, larch, Scots pine, and spruce were planted for the purpose of providing pit props.

Year by year it became plain that larch was the most valuable of the three woods because of its wonderfully lasting powers, so more larch plantations were made. At present larch is more popular than ever; it is the best sort of timber for wireless masts.

When flying came in, ash was in great demand for building the frames of airplanes, and it was seriously suggested that large plantations of ash would pay handsomely. But if anyone did plant ash with this object in view, he was doomed to disappointment, for already metal is superseding wood in the building of all flying machines.

White birch is grown for its use in making cotton reels, and woods of poplar are being planted in Scotland to provide wood for British-made matches.

Gold In Sweden.

Rich ore deposits have been discovered in the Province of Vesterbotten, in northern Sweden, not far from the Arctic Circle. The ore contains quantities of gold, silver, sulphur, copper and arsenic. The extent of the deposits has not yet been fully determined, but the chief of Sweden's geological survey predicts that the gold field will prove to be the fourth richest in the world, and that the other minerals will be still more valuable.

WORLD'S OLDEST SWANNERY.

Are Devoted to Locality Rather Than to Those Who Feed Them.

For almost a thousand years there has been a swannery on one of the wildest sections of the Dorsetshire coast, England, about half way between Bridport and Weymouth, at the ancient village of Abbotsbury.

On a hilltop are the remains of a Benedictine chapel, though of the great Abbey of which it was part, the Abbey that owned the swannery nearly a thousand years ago, there is no trace other than a gateway, a vast tithe barn and a few ruins.

But throughout the centuries the swans have remained faithful to the land that belonged to the Order, probably because the long fleet that is separated by Chesil Beach from the sea affords is its brackish waters an ample store of the grasses on which they live and thrive, and the fleet is fed by runnels of fresh water at which they drink.

To-day the swannery is the property of Lord Ilchester, and the number of adult birds engaged just now in domestic operations is over 800. How many cygnets will be added to the flock when the year's final reckoning is taken none can say, because the mortality among the young is very high, but the numbers remain round about four figures. In spite of the sales of adult birds, which fetch $25 a pair.

Swans are said to live almost as long as ravens, and the record among the marked birds shows that they live for over forty years. Swans that come to an untimely end are skinned, and the skin when dry is sold for the swans' down.

To study the swan in domesticity at Abbotsbury is to realize the extraordinary devotion of the couples. They are monogamous; the same birds pair year after year. The females lay half a dozen eggs, and while she broods them by day her companion is often by her side and broods them through the night, when his mate feeds.

The young are supplied with a mixture of boiled wheat, maize and barley, but the grown birds can fend for themselves, save when the fleet is frozen in severe winters, and then they, too, have corn. The cygnets do not breed before their third year.

Old swans fly to a great distance, and it is a fine sight to see a score or more rise from the fleet. They have been recognized by their markings as far away as Poole and Bournemouth, and they pass unmolested over large tracts of country, for the swan is still a royal bird, and a heavy penalty attaches to its destruction.

It may be doubted whether there is in all England a swannery that can rival Abbotsbury in its situation and in the faithfulness with which the birds maintain a tradition. Yet their devotion is to a locality rather than to those who tend them, and in spite of the fact that there are two keepers in attendance all the time they remain aloof and unfriendly, ready to attack and intolerant of strangers.

Abbotsbury swannery draws many strangers, chiefly from Weymouth, while a few venture the rough coast road from Bridport and are rewarded with a view of miles of golden sand quite innocent of visitors, stretching away, whose summer coloring could shame the Mediterranean.

At the corner of the swannery is a decoy, one of the very few that are at work in England to-day. Here wildfowl that alight on the centre pond are attracted down the pipes by means of corn which is thrown over the surrounding palisades and so lured under the netting to their death. As many as 1,500 birds are taken to a season by this method.

BABIES ON STAMPS.

Spain's Issue of 1880 Had Portrait of Baby Alfonso XIII.

Some queer personages have had to be portrayed on postage stamps by designers at various times.

Prophets, priests, and kings, actresses, dragons and sea serpents have contributed to the philatelists' portrait gallery, and babies, too, have made their appearance.

The best-known and most extensive issue started on October 1st, 1880, when the first baby portrait of Alfonso XIII. appeared and remained unaltered for eleven years. Soon after, he turned up on the stamps of Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Cuba, and Fernando Po. It was a very typical little baby that M. E. Quille engraved, with bulging forehead and serious gaze, that made an instant appeal to every collector, in spite of the rather formal treatment of the design.

A much more vivid and interesting baby headed the Newfoundland Diamond Jubilee issue in 1897. It showed a curly-headed little fellow, who looked out questioningly at you from the Royal Prince clad in Canadian pinafore. It was the Prince of Wales, who has grown up to become the Ambassador of the Empire.

Another little unknown baby appears among the 1919 issue of Jugo-Slavia, and he makes a sole appearance in the newspaper issue of the same year. Monaco heralded the arrival of their baby prince in a very half-hearted manner. They merely over-printed the date of his birth "2 December—1920" on three of his grandfather's stamps.

The Bulgarians did better than that in 1896, for they issued three stamps to celebrate the baptism of Prince Boris. The young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, when she made her first appearance on the stamps of 1890, was ten years of age, and therefore a little too old to be counted as a stamp baby.

A WORDLESS WOOING

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

(Copyright, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

It was a mere whim that induced Ronald Baird to attend the monthly dance given at the deaf mute asylum at Leesville. He was the guest of his old college chum, Bert Adsit, and the latter had mentioned the function as one likely to interest him.

"Most of the patients are ladies," Bert told Ronald, "and you will be pleased to realize how quick and intelligent they are, and how heartsomely they enter into a social enjoyment. We will go together."

Adsit was the town attorney. Ronald was a young man, well-to-do and engaged in the banking business with his brother in another town. Adsit handed him a little well-thumbed volume.

"Study that in your odd moments," he suggested, "It is, as you see, a deaf and dumb instruction book, quite common hereabouts, for we come into contact with our afflicted charges so generally that a knowledge of the finger signs makes it quite easy for us to make ourselves understood and to understand the patients."

Two days before the dance Adsit was called away to another town. At first Ronald decided not to attend the function. He got looking over the alphabet book, however, was enticed by the novelty promised, found it not difficult to master the rudiments of the code, and Thursday evening found him seated in the capacious dining room of the asylum which was very prettily decorated as a dancing hall.

Ronald's attention was particularly attracted by a young girl who seemed friendly with everybody, and she was welcomed with a fervor that showed she was a general favorite. Ronald mentally confessed that he had never viewed a more beautiful face. She was a model of neatness, and the grace she displayed amid the giddy whirl was something to remember. It was after he had followed her with admiring gaze through several dances that Ronald observed her seated alone and approached her.

"May I hope for the favor of one dance?" he translated, a mute sentence he had especially mastered.

The young lady responded with a number of rapid finger signs, her expressive eyes and gracious smile indicating that his plea met with acquiescence.

The pathos of sincere pity for this afflicted young lady was obscured after that as he recalled the lovely face that had so completely captivated him. Ronald waited impatiently for a return of Adsit. It was the third morning after the dance that Ronald was afflicted with a roaming fit and took his automobile for a spin out the country roads. He was returning at a smart rate of speed along a rather rutty road when a figure at a part of it where a sharp curve ahead showed, from the direction of a pretty home sheltered by some grand old trees, he observed a lithe, girlish figure hurrying across the roadway. She wore a blue cape and was waving her hands in an excited manner, and Ronald thrilled as he recognized her—his brief partner of the asylum dance.

"Stop—don't go on! The road—"

Ronald caught the token of peril in the manner of the girl, rather than in the words. He put on the brakes, but not until he had turned the curve to see ahead a great gap in the road guarded by a plank streeted lengthwise, bearing in chalk the ominous warning:

"DANGER—look out!"

A false turn of the wheel sent the machine skidding, it struck a deep rut and halted, but so suddenly that Ronald was lifted bodily from the seat and thrown down a slight incline, at the bottom of which he landed momentarily insensible.

He aroused some few minutes later to find himself prostrate, and under his head was a pillow formed of the blue cape, and standing pensively near him was a concerned face was the beautiful girl of the dance. Instantly her hands were in motion.

"Are you hurt much?" signaled forth the alphabetical signs.

"But quite a few minutes ago" exclaimed Ronald, sitting up.

The young girl flushed. "I—I had met you before," she stammered. "I thought you were a patient at the asylum, or an afflicted visitor. Many outsiders come to those dances, just as I do. In fact, I have some very pleasant friends there."

"I saw that," declared Ronald. "I fancy you are a friend to everybody. See how your thoughtfulness has been bestowed on my unworthy self!" and his hand fondly caressed the blue cape.

Verna Tresham laughed heartily over their mutual mistake at the asylum. Ronald must come to the house and put some cold water on his contused forehead, and that was the beginning of daily visits.

"What are you so engrossed in?" queried Bert Adsit a week later as he noticed his friend poring industriously over the mute alphabet.

"Oh! I have a whimsical conceit to tell a certain young lady what I think of her in the sign language," replied Ronald with a quiet smile.

"Miss Tresham, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And the message you are thinking over?" pressed Adsit.

"Simple, compelling, I think: 'I love you. Will you become my wife?'"

NEW AGE IN MUSIC.

New Type of Pianoforte With an Organ Effect

Musicians are predicting a revolution in music and the development of a new type of musical composition as the result of an invention which has just been tried out in New York.

This invention is a new type of pianoforte, in which an organ effect, allowing the player to retain control over the notes after the keys have been struck, is obtained. A new principle in pianoforte construction, depending upon a fourth pedal and revolving slats, which open or close inside a grand piano, has been introduced to give this effect.

All who have heard the new instrument are enthusiastic about its powers, and the invention is acclaimed as the most remarkable improvement ever made in the pianoforte.

Mr. John Hayes Hammond, Jr., the inventor, is well known in U. S. scientific circles. He is an expert on radio and on incendiary projectiles for use in war.

Music-lovers in this country may anticipate a delightful experience when the new piano crosses the border, if all that United States authorities say about Mr. Hammond's discovery is correct.

A Forbidden Plant.

In California, if you grow a marihuana bush you risk imprisonment for three months. Marihuana is the Spanish-American name for hasheesh, or Indian hemp. It grows freely, and its smaller leaves and seeds are dried, crushed, and made up into cigarettes.

Although the cost of production is much less than that of ordinary tobacco cigarettes, the retail price in the underworld is as much as ten or fifteen cents each.

The drug first exhilarates the smoker, and then completely upsets his self-control. The California police officers have a difficult problem in the control of this drug plant, which Mexicans and Negroes struggle to cultivate in spite of the penalties imposed.

The Town of A.

Sweden has a town called A.

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LIGHTLESS LIGHTHOUSES.

Radio Is Helping to Remove Menace of the Rock-Bound Coast.

Experiments are now being carried out by the British Government to test the efficiency of a new wireless "lighthouse" which, if it meets with the success anticipated, will not only supersede the form of lighthouse at present in use, but will mark erially add to the safety of seafaring men during fogs and storms.

It consists of a revolving wireless beam which can be picked up within fifty miles radius by any vessel carrying a receiving set. By its aid, after a simple calculation, any navigating officer will be able to find out the ship's bearing.

Signals of varied lengths and of different tones are sent out as the loop aerial revolves on its base, and from these those within range can judge whether it is pointing in a northerly, southerly, westerly, or easterly direction. The receiving set gets the full strength of the signal when the aerial is pointing straight towards it and the minimum when the frame is sideways to it.

The advantages of these wireless "lighthouses" over the type with which we are familiar are obvious. Foremost among them is the matter of distance. No light, however powerful, could possibly be seen for a distance of fifty miles at sea, even under fair conditions, whereas the wireless "beam" will not only cover this long distance, but will be just as effective whatever the weather conditions may happen to be.

Experiments with the new apparatus are taking place at Gosport, near Portsmouth, and are under the direction of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Should they be fruitful, it is possible that we may see a chain of these lighthouses springing up around our coasts in the near future.

This Isn't So Bad.

It is told by Duncan McCaul Mitchell — being about a Scotsman, it would be told by one.

A friend of Jock's, New York suddenly met a Slotsman struggling up Broadway. The Scotsman had just returned from the Florida golf courses, and he was dragging an alligator behind him.

"What are you doing with that alligator?" demanded the friend.

"Why," retorted the Scotsman, "the son of a gun has got my ball!"

An Underground Wonder.

At the new Tube station now under construction beneath Piccadilly Circus, London, an area of 15,000 square feet will be devoted to the booking hall alone. This will necessitate the removal of about 10,000 tons of London clay. When completed the station will be able to handle 50,000,000 passengers annually.

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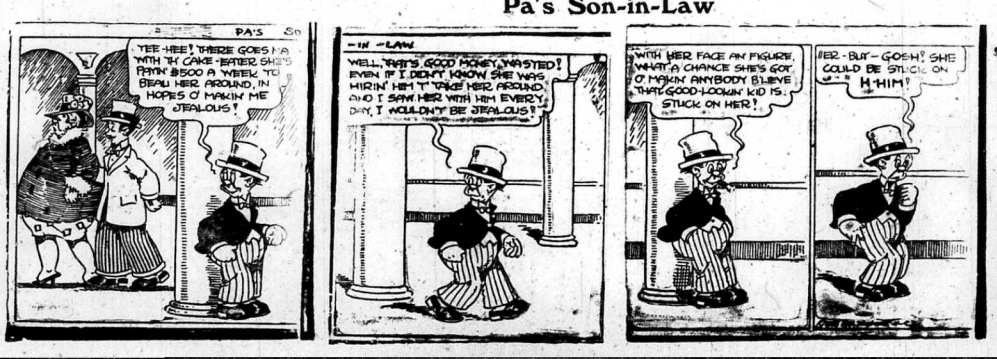
PA'S SON-IN-LAW
TEE-HEE! THERE GOES HE WITH TH' CAKE-EATER SHE'S PAYIN' $500 A WEEK TO BEAU HER AROUND, IN HOPES O' MAKIN ME JEALOUS!
—IN—LAW
WELL, THAT'S GOOD MONEY WASTED! EVEN IF I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS HIRIN' HIM T' TAKE HER AROUND, AND I SAW HER WITH HIM EVERY DAY, I WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS!
WITH HER FACE AN' FIGURE, WHAT A CHANCE SHE'S GOT O' MAKIN ANYBODY BELIEVE TH' GOOD LOOKIN' KID IS STUCK ON HER!
FER - BUT - GOSH! SHE COULD BE STUCK ON H-HIM!
WELLINGTON
GEE! INSTEAD OF WANTIN' ME T' COME BACK HOME TO HER, SHE MIGHT BE HOPIN' I WON'T SO'S SHE CAN GET A DIVORCE AN' MARRY THAT PIN HEAD!

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Every housewife should take advantage of this big offer. The can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer is priced at 50c. The candlesticks are worth $1.00 at the very least. So that you get $1.50 worth of merchandise for 50c.

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D. B. WILSON,
Phone 138

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SHOP IN EMPIRE STREET.

Sir Archibald Weigall Says Empire Can Be Self-sustaining.

In the days before Wellington beat Napoleon Great Britain practically controlled the world's sugar supplies, writes Sir Archibald Weigall, K.C.M.G., in Tit-Bits. Britain's monopoly of that important commodity proved of great strategic value. Then came Napoleonic war, but, soon after, the sugar plantations were neglected and to-day we are almost entirely dependent upon foreign countries for our sugar. In a recent year only one-twentieth of Britain sugar came from within the Empire. Yet, astounding as it seems, there is more land within the Empire suited for growing sugar than in the rest of the world put together!

During the world war Britain was able to rely upon her Dominions for all her requirements in wool. A price was fixed and export to other countries prohibited. This was an important factor in winning the war, which will be realised when I point out that during the same period Great Britain was obliged to depend upon foreign countries for nearly all its sugar and cotton, the price of which rose to three or more times the normal. Britain was thus in the matter of unscrupulous foreign speculators, so far as these commodities were concerned. Now, although the bulk of raw cotton required by manufacturers in Britain is bought from foreign countries, there are over 200 million acres of land suitable for cotton cultivation in Australia alone! Is this not strange?

If you visited the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley you will realise that no household necessity you can conceive is not produced somewhere within the Empire. That is what the promoters of that historic exhibition wanted to prove to you—that the British Empire can be self-supporting. When that ideal has been reached we shall possess the most important key to peace.

The object of the organization known as "The Self-Supporting Empire League," of which I have the honor to be chairman, is to urge you, before you make any purchase, to ask first to see the product, whether food-stuff or manufactured article, of the United Kingdom. If this is not available, you should ask to be shown a product of the Empire. In this way, Sir Archibald tells the people of the Old Country, it is hoped to create an increased and permanent demand for home and Empire products at reasonable prices.

In order to restore Britain to prosperity they must increase the export of their manufactures. They must sell more and buy less in foreign countries, and buy more and sell more within the Empire. The Dominions are ready to help in this scheme, he says. For every £1 Britain spends with them, no less than 18s. 6d. comes back to us, as against 14s. from foreign countries. So might trade grow until Britain can look in the national mirror and see a smiling face instead of the care-lined features we see at present.

Thousands of people in Britain already have signed a pledge binding themselves wherever possible to purchase Empire goods. They realise that there is a close connection between their work, housekeeping and the prosperity of the Empire, and that women can help in this way to save Britain's trade.

SIX-OCTAVE GRAMOPHONES.

Can Reproduce Sounds Inaudible to the Human Ear.

The latest advance made in the gramophone world is the invention of a new instrument so delicately designed that it will actually reproduce sounds inaudible to the human ear.

Although the gramophones now in general use are a vast improvement on the old type of machines, which were often as much a nuisance as a annoyance to less enthusiastic neighbors as they were pleasure to their owners, they still leave something to be desired. The average range of gramophones produced before 1923 is three octaves. Within that compass the tone produced is clear and pleasing, but outside the range the notes are apt to become blurred and muffled and are sometimes false. In 1923 an advance was made by the makers of the Columbia Grafonola which extended the range of the instrument to four octaves.

The new invention, demonstrated recently by the Columbia Gramophone Co., has increased the range to six octaves, twice that of the earlier models. This, it is claimed, combined with the new electric-recording process which eliminates "scratch" and enable records to be made under almost any conditions, has revolutionized the science of the gramophone.

Records have recently been made by choirs of as many as 6,000 voices, and on the new instrument the result is as clear in tone and accurate in detail as though the singers were actually in the room in which the gramophone is being played.

Many devices have been tried to secure increased volume, but all have failed because they have only succeeded in producing distortion at some part of the musical scale. In the Vivatonal Columbia, as the new instrument is called, this has been overcome, and the flow of music is quite undistorted.

'Phone 92 for clean coal—
VanLuven. We make it hot for you.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by the pastor.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

Special Christmas sermons and music at worship services.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Swastika Club Dance.

In new Foresters' Hall ,Tustin block, Wednesday, evening, Dec. 29th. Walters' orchestra.

Napanee Riverside Cemetery.

All accounts outstanding are requested to be paid by the 31st December, 1926.

By Order of the Board.
3-b

Gift Suggestions !

For Mother or Sister, stainless steel knives, forks and carving sets, Community silverware, Pyrex ovenware, Aluminumware, serving trays and electric appliances.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Barber Shop Under New Management.

Having purchased the Barber Shop, formerly owned by Mr. A. L. Macdonald, John street, I announce new prices for service as follows :

Hair cut, 35c.
Shave, 15c.
Razor honing, 35c.
Give me a trial.

J. H. KELLAR.

Raney's Election May be Protested.

That Hon. W. E. Raney's election in Prince Edward will be protested is altogether likely. Barrister Colliver, former Conservative member for the riding and who was defeated by Mr. Raney on Dec. 1, was at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, on Monday, and had an audience with Attorney-General W. H. Price. In admitting to the press the probability of a protest, Mr. Colliver said: "We have plenty of evidence and will likely go ahead." It is understood that Mr. Colliver has retained McGregor Young, K.C., as counsel in any proceedings that may be instituted by him.

Sixty Years Married.

On Monday, November 29th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Davy, Odessa, a family reunion was assembled for the purpose of celebrating their parents' wedding anniversary. Sixty years ago Mr. H. S. Davy took for his bride, Miss Elmor M. Hagerman from the home of the late Abram Hagerman, Ernestown, who, like himself, comes from the historic township of Ernestown, Lennox and Addington. To this date, the 29th, was chosen for their wedding day, as it was the groom's father's birthday, the late John P. Davy, of Odessa, who would be, if living, one hundred and twenty-three years of age. Their union was blessed with six children, one daughter being deceased for some twenty years, which leaves the present family of four daughters, one son, seven grand children and one great grand child. Mrs. J. M. Fraser, of Odessa, Mrs. A. W. Bell of Oshawa, Mrs. George Bell of Toronto and Mr. Sherman H. M. Davy, of Toronto, all of whom were present and helped, with other interests guests, to commemorate the occasion. The home was tastefully decorated with flowers and wedding bells. The bridal march was played while the guests took their respective places. At the table, after partaking of a sumptuous banquet from dishes which were used at the wedding in 1866, toasts were given and responded to, accompanied by the best wishes of those present. Music and dancing brought the memorable event to a close. Mr. and Mrs. Davy are both very active and in the best of health. Mr. Davy is now in his eighty-fifth year, and Mrs. Davy is in her eighty-first year, and both are anticipating visiting their children in Toronto for the Christmas holidays.

'Phone 92 for clean coal—
VanLuven. A ton means 2000 lbs.

THE ALCANTRA.

New Motor-Liner Will Have Every Comfort.

For comfort and luxury, even the giant North Atlantic liners will be beaten by the new motor-liner, Alcantra, which has just been completed for the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. Some idea of the superb effects obtained in the interior decorating on board this vessel may be gained from the fact that the dining-room is designed after the style of a room in Hampton Court Palace, and has Gothinthian pilasters. The ceiling is painted to represent clouds, and from it is suspended a large electrolier, surrounded by a huge gilt sunburst.

The social hall is after the style of the Chapter House at Toledo, being panelled in Cuba mahogany. The floor is of polished oak, while oil-paintings—one of them copied from a canvas in the National Gallery—adorn the walls. A saltwater swimming bath, a wonder play-room for children, and state-rooms of the Wedgwood and Adam period help to make up the most luxurious floating home for 1,800 passengers that has yet been launched.

—New Pork Barrels.
—Raw Sugar.
—Barbadoes Molasses by the quart.
—2 lbs. Shortening, 25c.
—Cheese, 20c. per lb.
—Japan Tea, 50c. lb.
—Good Coffee, 50c. lb.
—Also Dates, Figs, Oranges, Nuts, Candies, etc.

FRANK H. PERRY,
Phone 130

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church : Sunday School, 10 a.m. ; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Sand Hill Church : Public worship 2.30 p.m. ; Christmas Tree Friday evening 8 p.m.

Gretna Church : Public worship 7.30 p.m. ; Christmas Tree Monday evening 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. B. Colemas, M. A., Vicar.

10.30—Holy Communion.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

RE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

The following circular has been received from the Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association and speaks for itself :

Dec. 9th, 1926.

Dear Sir :—

Following our usual custom at this season of the year, I beg to draw your attention to the danger to life and property from Christmas decorations, such as draperies, scenery, cotton wool, present snow, etc. Displays of this nature, and the lighting arrangements in connection therewith, add very considerably to the ordinary risks of fire.

I would also point out that should an accident of the kind occur in a crowded store or meeting, the rapid spread of fire in such inflammable material is almost certain to occasion a panic with attendant risks to life and limb. Few simple precautions may reduce the danger to a considered essential where large minimum, and these should be numbers of people and particularly children are to be gathered.

See that in flammable material is clear of and not hung over heating and lighting devices, stovepipes, electric light bulbs, etc.

See that your electric circuits are properly fused and not overloaded by the addition of temporary lights.

Examine your fire extinguishing appliances and see that they are sufficient, in good order, and readily accessible.

See that all exits are plainly marked and not obstructed.

Have all temporary decorations removed and safely disposed of as soon as they have served their purpose.

Remember that nothing can render these displays absolutely safe, and that if accidents are not to mar the festive season, constant vigilance and care must be exercised.

Yours truly,
A. W. GODDARD, Sec'y.

WORLD'S VILEST DRINK.

American Bootleg Spirit is Better Than State-Made Vodka.

Vodka drinking in Russia, which agitated the souls of reformers under the Czars, has become more than ever a menace to the nation under the Bolsheviks.

In a recent period of six months, says Answers, the Central Government increased the state distilleries' output by one hundred per cent. For the year 1926 no less than 500,000,000 quarts of this fiery, corroding spirit will pass from the great state distilleries to the dram shops scattered from one end of the vast country to the other.

The Soviet Government is finding that it is not easy to run a country on the fantastic theories of Lenin; funds are now—therefore the vodka industry is being extolled.

It is estimated that no less than $150,000,000 will cascade into the Soviet treasury from the profits of the vodka distilleries during 1926. This figure represents crowded store per cent. of the total revenue of the Bolshevik government.

Vodka, which is very much more powerful than whiskey, since it has a higher alcoholic content, retails at the equivalent of three shillings a pint. The spirit now being manufactured is forty per cent. pure alcohol.

Like methylated spirits, its effects upon the drinker are maddening. The product now being sold, unlike that sold under the Czarist regime, is not matured, but raw and corroding spirit.

The few remaining intellectuals who yet have the courage to raise their voices say that the vodka craze is answerable for seventy-five per cent. of the crimes of Russia. It is, in its present form, the world's vilest drink.

D a Nice Seeds.

Seeds can lie dormant for centuries in a dry atmosphere, but the moment they are given moisture they swake and sprout as if nothing had happened. Grains of wheat found in the rock tombs of men who died 4,000 years ago have proved able to grow at once into strong healthy plants when placed in the soil. Oats, another seed and even certain flower-plants have been found equally capable of withstanding the passages of centuries.

One of the most remark le cases recorded when such properties from that was used for putting young trees in early was discovered among those which grew apparently in tropical forests. Twenty thousand years ago the climate of Britain was much like that of Africa. The mere dropping of seeds for those days, but about ten thousands have lain in the peat bogs since that they needed for development. When placed in the warmth of the greenhouse they sprang as though they had fallen to the ground but yesterday.

Feathered Mine Workers.

While the pit ponies have been enjoying a spell of freedom on the surface during the coal strike in Britain, the pit canaries have still been on duty below. These canaries are employed to detect the presence of poisonous gas. An Act of Parliament decrees that two birds must be kept at each colliery, and although no particular kind of bird is specified, the canary has become the recognised gas detector in coal mines because of its susceptibility to gas. It is so speedily overcome when gas is present that the miner has ample warning. The male species of canary is regarded as the best gas detector, because it is so constantly alert that the least cessation of its activity is a danger signal.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. B. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public worship.
11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.
6.30—Organ recital.
7.00—Evening worship.
Monday, 7.30—Y. P. S.

THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG.

"Say Au Revoir But Not Good-By" Written by Harry Kennedy.

Assembled in a Brooklyn cemetery one day in the late nineties was a mournful gathering, slowly following a casket to its final resting place. Overhead the leaves fluttered into the waiting arms of Mother Earth, one of the mourners stepped out and softly commenced to sing, to the accompaniment of an orchestra, "Say au Revoir but Not Good-By."

It was a dirge to the deceased author of the song of that ballad, Harry Kennedy, who had died suddenly in the prime of life. Not only were his friends and relatives present at the obsequies, but the owners of the Adams Street Theatre in Brooklyn, Messrs. Hyde and Behman, together with their employes, hearing the musicians brought to render homage to the memory of Harry Kennedy. The singer at his grave was Helene Mora, conceded to be one of the greatest female baritones of her generation. It was Kennedy's ballad that earned for her a reputation saved by all singers of the time, and she, therefore, felt indebted to the late bard. No wonder she sang the song as it had never been sung before!

At the Adams Street Theatre Helene Mora was the first noted singer to render publicly "Say au Revoir But Not Good-By" and although she did much to popularize the song, the female baritone was not really the first to sing it. None other than the author and composer, Kennedy, was the song its first rendition. He had been a ventriloquist; in fact, one of the most noted in his day, and had wrote a book relating to this veiled art. Through the medium of his "dummies" he introduced to the public all of his compositions. As a ventriloquist he is forgotten, but as a song writer he lives.

Kennedy's method in composing was to sit at the harmonium and create tunes. When he struck one that was pleasing he would hum it to fellow performers for approval. If he received their encouragement his style would follow. In this way "Say au Revoir But Not Good-By" was written. A sentimental fellow, most of his lyrics were heart songs. It was while engaged on the same bill that Helene Mora, awaiting her turn before the footlights, caught the strains of Kennedy's new song.

The following week she created a sensation when she opened with it at the Brooklyn theatre. So popular did it become that hardly a ballad singer thereafter omitted it.

Helene Mora and Messrs. Hyde and Behman, like Kennedy, have passed on, but "Say au Revoir But Not Good-By" still lives in the hearts of the world.

LANGUAGE OF INSECTS.

Wings Vibrate Four Hundred and Forty Times a Second.

Insects, like birds and animals, have their calls. But the sounds they produce include the rubbing together of their limbs or wing covers and the vibration of their wings, so they cannot always be spoken of as voices. Yet they are undoubtedly mean something when they hum louder and louder.

Landrede, a famous naturalist, has calculated that to produce the sound of F by vibrating its wings a fly vibrates 352 times a second, and the bee to create A vibrates 440 times a second.

A tired bee hums on E sharp. This change is, perhaps, unconscious, but undoubtedly at the command of the will, and is similar to the voice.

When seeking mates many insects hums to F sharp. Landolse noticed three different tones emitted by insects—a low one during flight, a higher one when the wings are held so that they cannot vibrate, and a higher one yet when the insect is held so that none of its limbs or wings touch.

No music is as familiar as that produced by the locust, grasshoppers, and crickets, and, although they are not produced by the mouth, they answer as calls, and are undoubtedly a language to a certain extent; indeed, their calls have been reduced to written music.

The music of grasshoppers is produced in four different ways, according to Scudder. First by rubbing the base of one wing upon the other, using for that purpose veins running through the middle portion of the wing; second, by a similar method, by using the veins of the inner part of the wing; third, by rubbing the inner surface of the hind legs against the outer surface of the wing covers; and fourth, by rubbing either the upper surface of the front edge of the wings and the under surface of the hind legs.

Long Legs Mean Big Brains.

An American psychologist, Dr. Henry E. Garrett, asserts that the best brain worker is the man with long arms and legs and a small body. Men with short arms and legs and big bodies, he declares are more suited for some manual trade, or at least a line of work requiring steadiness and accuracy rather than quickness of mind.

This theory was recently tested by Dr. Garrett and Dr. Sante Naccarati, a New York specialist in nervous and mental diseases, on 800 students at Columbia University. The results tended to show that there is a very definite relationship between bodily structure and intelligence.

Dr. Garrett states that of the men examined, 76 per cent. of the small-bodies, long-legged men, 40 per cent. of the normal men, and 18 per cent. of the large-bodied, short-legged men showed high intelligence.

Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Gen. Pershing, Booth Tarkington, and David Wark Griffith, all outstanding for their brains in their particular fields, are long-legged men with short bodies. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and President Wilson were of the same type.

Walking-Stick Collector.

Collecting walking-sticks is the hobby of a New York man. He has 580 sticks of different woods or different colors or markings, and sometimes spends months in finding just the right handle for a new specimen.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
PHONE 67

NEW CAMPBELL HOUSE

CHRISTMAS DINNER
Price $1.00

SOUP
Oyster Soup
Head Lettuce with French Dressing
Hearts of Celery
Stuffed Queen Olives
Mixed Pickles
Fried Lake White Fish with Sliced Lemon
ENTREES
Banana Fritters with Maple Syrup
Assorted Jellos
ROASTS
Roast Young Turkey with Cranberry Sauce
Roast Dressed Gosling with Crabapple Jelly
VEGETABLES
Cream Whipped Potatoes
June Peas
DESSERT
Green Apple Pie, Pumpkin Pie
Plum Pudding with Campbell Sauce
Fruit Cake Assorted Fruits
Mixed Nuts
Black Tea Green Tea Coffee
Canadian Cheese

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

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SPENCER & SON, MARKET SQUARE, NAPANEE.
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Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

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Before deciding call and see me. I can save you money on any size pictures that you want.

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WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Joseph M. Schenck presents Constance Talmadge in her latest feature, "HER SISTER FROM PARIS," a First National picture. Also two good comedies.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Bringing to the silver sheet the most faithful transcript of Russian life ever presented by a motion picture producer, "SIBERIA," a Victor Schertzinger production.

Also a 2-reel Western.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Jack Hoxie in "THE DEMON," a Blue Streak Western, with Lola Todd, one of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1925, cast in the role of the heroine.

Also a good comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

"She hath done what she could, Mark 14-8 ; "The love of Christ which passeth knowledge," Eph. 3-19 ; "Without me ye can do nothing," John 15-5 ; "Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, in all things," Tit. 2-10 ; "As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God," Rom. 8-14 ; "He is faithful that promised," Heb. 10-23 ; "God is able to make all grace abound toward you" 2 Cor. 9-8 ; "In lowliness of mind, let each esteem other better than themselves," Phil. 2-3 ; "Not rendering evil for evil, but contrariwise blessing," I. Pet. 3-9 ; "Christ shall give thee light," Eph. 5-14 ; "Christ gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works," Tit. 2-14.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word
Altogether like our Lord.
A BIBLE LOVER.

STOMACH SO BAD CAN'T EAT EVEN FRUIT

"For years was badly constipated and troubled with gas after eating. Could not eat fruit and many other things. Adlerika has done me good—can now eat anything." (Signed) W. H. Fell. Adlerika removes GAS and often brings astonishing relief to the stomach. Brings out a surprising amount of old waste matter you never thought was in the system. Gives that "all cleaned" feeling and makes you enjoy eating. Excellent for chronic constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

Poultry Supplies.

Royal Purple and Pratt's Poultry Foods and tonics, oyster shell and grit, beef scrap, thermos drinking fountains.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.

Was the Game In Existence In Cleopatra's Time?

In Shakespeare's "Cleopatra" occurs a passage in which that lovely woman invites Charmian to play billiards with her. Was the game really in existence so early in history?

Very little is known of the origin of billiards, and that little is mostly derived from a study of old engravings. Proficiency at billiards even to-day is said by many to be a sign of a misspent youth, and it was perhaps this idea that kept our forefathers so quiet upon the subject. Even its progenitor, Pall Mall, though it gave its name to one of our main streets, was never mentioned except to be abused as a dissolute and ruinous gambler's game. It was more like croquet than billiards, and was played in the open air with balls and hoops and a kind of mallet, while a low wooden hedge ran all round the court.

Billiards proper must have begun about the middle of the sixteenth century, but there is still a doubt whether the game was then played on the ground or on tables.

Charles Cotton, author of "The Perfect Player" (1674), contradicts himself about the origin of billiards, attributing it now to Spain, now to Italy. But neither of these theories can be verified. The French writer Bouillet said it was invented in England and introduced into France by Louis XIV.

Modern billiards seems to have come into existence at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the fall of the ball into a pocket rang a bell. This, however, did not seem to have lasted long. From that time to the present day, progress has been fairly straightforward and marked by few incidents worthy of note. One of these, however, occurred in 1837, when two members of the Paris Jockey Club played a game on horseback, the horses having been brought up to the stairs into the billiards room with great difficulty. The game was for twelve points up, and was finished in twenty minutes.

THE WORST WORKERS.

Efficiency Expert Says Confirmed Spinsters Are Best Workers.

An efficiency expert in the Old Country has come to the conclusion that the worst workers are widows and fat men, and that the most efficient are confirmed spinsters and men who are either tall and wiry or of small stature.

The reasons are both physical and psychological. Widows, he explains, are apt to dream about their past life—to look backward instead of forward—and are often found, as a general rule, to be makers of trouble in office or workshop. Young girls are more satisfactory, but they think too much of the future, and the unnatural desire to be attractive to the opposite sex give too much attention to the powder-puff and too little to work. Confirmed "old maids," however, having no such distractions, are able to give all their attention to business.

Among men, those who are bulky are generally too easy-going, whilst stirdy, talkative men are often classed among the less successful in business life. Tall, wiry men are described as very thorough, while men whose height does not exceed 5 feet 4 inches are found to possess much initiative and energy. Married men are usually more reliable than bachelors, but married women are less efficient than single women of the same age.

Use Malaria to Cure.

Contrary to general popular opinion, frequent doses of quinine when you go to the seaside or any place where mosquitoes congregate will not ward off malaria. This is one of the interesting facts about malaria that have been established as a result of attempts in insane hospitals in the United Kingdom to cure certain kinds of the insane by intercurrent action of malaria.

Artificially induced malarial fever is one of the most modern methods of treating paralysis and insanity. Though the curative effect of fevers on mental disorders was known to such ancient healers as Hippocrates and Galen. While cures have been effected in from 20 to 30 per cent. of the cases so treated, and immediate results have been obtained in many, the medical world has become much interested in the disease being used as the curative agent.

Wood as Auto Fuel.

A motor truck that uses waste wood as fuel was exhibited recently at a meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science. Gas was generated on board the motor from small blocks of wood and was used in an engine that can also run on liquid fuel if it is necessary. The system has its own gas plant. The manufacturers claim that it runs fifty miles on a quarter's worth of fuel.

HERE AND THERE

Toronto.—For the first time since silver foxes have been exhibited at the Royal Winter Fair here, Ontario breeders have seriously challenged the supremacy of the Prince Edward Island fox farmers.

Immigration to Canada for the first nine months of the calendar year 1926 shows an increase of 66 per cent over the same period of year ago according to a statement issued recently by the Department of Immigration and Colonization.

Moncton, New Brunswick.—Frozen blueberries are now being shipped in quantity to Cleveland and other centres in the United States. So far eight carloads have left Moncton, iced so that the fruit will remain frozen. Two more carloads are about to go forward.

Victoria, British Columbia.—Famous Players-Lasky are to establish a plant in British Columbia for film production, it was announced in connection with the $15,000,000 concern known as the Famous Players' Canadian Corporation, Limited, of Toronto.

Traffic in grain from Winnipeg along the Canadian Pacific Railway lines this year has been heavier than last year by over 12,000,000 bushels. With 110,298,085 bushels marketed and 63,010 cars loaded the increases over last year's ten month period were 12,188,437 bushels and 3,538 cars.

Antwerp, Belgium. — When the Canadian Pacific steamer Melita arrived recently, she was given an official welcome and a great popular demonstration as the ten thousandth vessel to enter the port of Antwerp this year. An elaborate programme was arranged in her honor.

Saint John.—Moose are reported nearly three times as plentiful this year than last in the Tobique district, according to Burton L. Moore, well-known guide. The rapid increase of these big game animals points to migrations into the territory. Guides and sportsmen have not yet decided the source of the movement.

A great service to the travellers on the C.P.R. lines will be put into effect with the first sailing of the winter season of the C. P. liner "Melita," when for the sailings of C. P. liners from Saint John to Europe between December 1st and April 12th, through tourist sleeping cars will be operated on C.P.R. trains from Winnipeg direct to the ship's side at the New Brunswick port.

Desirous of popularizing old French-Canadian folk songs among the English-speaking people of this country, the National Council of Education, on the initiative of Major F. J. Ney, made recent arrangements with Charles Marchand, well-known singer, for a comprehensive tour of the Canadian west. The folk songs which Mr. Marchand will render in English have been specially translated by J. Murray Gibbon, dean of publicity of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Diversion of six miles of Canadian Pacific Railway tracks has now been completed and raising of three additional miles of tracks is under way in the Gatineau Valley, according to word received at headquarters of the company recently. This diversion has occurred between Mile 8 and Mile 14, and affects the stations of Tenaga, Kirk's Ferry, La Charite, Bennet, and Cascades, well-known summer resorts in that district, while the station affected by the raising of the tracks is that of Farm Point. The work has been in progress since April of this year.

WHICH ONE?

By GEORGE E. COBB

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

"Huh!" observed Mr. Gregory Lyton speculatively. "A worthy charity, I see. Put me down for two hundred dollars."

The lady representative of the Elsden Aid society presented subscription list and, fountain pen, and he casually glanced over the written sheet.

He looked particularly attentive as he came to two names that seemed to appeal to his interest. One written with the flourish of a man apparently at ease with himself and the rest of the world, read: "Marvin Drake, one hundred dollars." The other, a modest, unostentatious signature, bore the record, "Wilton Grey, ten dollars."

"I suppose it tells the story," ruminated Mr. Lytton—"the one settled in life as to income and prospects, the other with his foot on the bottom rung of the ladder. I like them both. I wonder which one Eunice favors most?"

It was purely coincidental that the daughter he named should have as suitors two persons who were of the medical profession. It was natural, however, that the prettiest girl in Elsden should attract two of its most eligible young men. Marvin Drake was the leading physician of the town and had established a competency. His junior professional rival had been in practice only a year and, while he earned a fairly good living, must slowly work his way to a substantial position. Eunice had been gracious to both, but even to intimate friends had not indicated her preference. The father had never sought to learn the real state of her feelings, nor would he have influenced her choice.

It happened that Eunice heard of the respective donations of the two young men. When Drake called upon her he referred to his share in the charitable gift in a way which for the first time gave the inexperienced girl a new insight into his real character. He rather boastingly mentioned the fact that he was one of only ten who had donated in three figures.

"It was simply my duty," he explained. "Conditions on the flats are worse than bad. The epidemic has spread steadily and there are a few cases among the better class. I am to speak at the meeting of the health commissioners this evening, and I shall strongly recommend that the patients be quarantined and measures taken to exclude the flat population from our part of the town."

"But surely you will attend them?" inquired Eunice, and Drake replied, with a slight shrug of his shoulders:

"That will hardly be possible, Miss Lytton. My regular clients need my services, and they would strenuously object to the danger of my bringing them contagion by going into the nest of the epidemic."

It was the following evening that Grey called upon Eunice. "I shall not see you again for some time, I fear, Miss Lytton," he remarked.

"You are not going away," submitted Eunice, and there was a token of real interest in her lovely eyes.

"Not far," responded Grey, "but I shall be comparatively isolated at the flats. I shall close my office here for at least a month. Those poor people along the river need constant care and guidance, and I shall make my lot among them exclusively until the epidemic is stamped out."

"But your regular clients?" suggested Eunice.

"Even if I should lose the entire practice, I cannot refuse to heed the urgent cry for help from those poor sufferers," replied Grey.

A sparkle of respect, admiration of something deeper came into the eyes of Eunice. She did not venture any comment until Grey bade her good-bye. Then she said, with palpable emotion:

"I sincerely hope you will be able to carry out your noble sacrifice successfully."

"You give me courage," said Grey simply, and was gone.

It was only through the weekly newspaper and current gossip that Eunice learned of the progress of the epidemic. In one of its issues there was an open letter from Doctor Grey. It stated that there was a need for nurses, more to teach the wives and mothers of the flats the value of preventive measures than to cope with disease. It was a sensible, appealing letter and, while the majority of the ladies of the upper tip simply shuddered at the risk of visiting the infected district, Eunice was deeply impressed. Her father was gone on a visit to another city and she was free to take her own way, and did so.

A glow akin to adoration flooded the soul of Doctor Grey when she appeared at the flats in the neat, simple attire of a nurse, and quietly asked him for directions as to the service required of her. Side by side they worked for the good of others. Both had returned to their homes before Mr. Lytton returned. He learned of the mighty service those two had given to the ill and distressed. Before he saw them seated in happy converse in the garden as he reached home.

"I don't need to ask which has won Eunice's heart," he soliloquized, with a satisfied huffe, "the really worthy one has well proven his worth."

GRANTS TO ROYAL FAMILY.

Revenue From Crown Lands Bring £1,391,340.

Among the most interesting items to be found in the finance accounts of the United Kingdom for the year ending last March, which has just been issued, as a Blue Book, is that relating to the grants of the royal family. The Civil List of the King and Queen is £470,000 net, only £15,000 of that going to the personal expenditure, the remainder being allocated to salaries and expenses of his Majesty's households, works, pensions and so on. Annuities to other members of the royal family amount to £167,250, on which £61,250 is paid annually to the Queen Alexandra must now be deducted, leaving a balance of £106,000. So far £61,250 paid annually to the Queen Alexandra must now be deducted, leaving a balance of £106,000. So in all the royal family receive £576,000 a year from the Exchequer. On the other side of the account are the Crown lands, which were handed over many years ago to the British Government in return for annuities to the sovereign and his relations. Last year the revenue from this source amounted to no less than £1,391,340, and, after paying all expenses, the commissioners handed over £950,000 to the Exchequer. In future years, when all the Crown leases have been renewed, this sum will doubtless be very much larger. At present the net profit to the country arising out of the Crown lands arrangement over the Civil List is £374,000 per annum. The Blue Book also reveals that the twinges of conscience in Great Britain last year have a market value of £1 427 1s., and this amount has been remitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by sundry persons for conscience sake, etc."

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Samoa Estates Worth Only £500,000.

When Samoa was taken over from Germany by New Zealand as a reparation the estates in Samoa were estimated to be worth £1,000,000. This was found to be an exaggerated estimate, and the New Zealand Government say now that they are worth only £500,000. Tenders for leasing the estates were unsatisfactory and the Government decided to work them, with eminently satisfactory results. Last year's profits exceeded £25,000.

The progress of Samoa was enthusiastically spoken of by Sir Charles Ferguson, Governor-General of New Zealand, who has just returned from a tour of the Pacific Islands. Years ago there were but only 300 children attending Government schools; to-day there are 3,000. An organization has been formed of which every boy and girl is a member. They wear stars on the coat representing duty to God, duty to country, duty to one's neighbor, and duty to oneself.

NEW PYGMY PEOPLE FOUND

Tribe Found in Dutch New Guinea Interest Scientists.

A new tribe of human dwarfs found in Dutch New Guinea has proved of great interest to scientists.

"Pygmy peoples are distributed over wide areas, including the Philippines, which are inhabited by the largest groups; the Andaman Islands of the Bay of Bengal, New Guinea, the interior of the Malay Peninsula, and the Congo region of Africa. All these populations they are similar in characteristics.

"The smallest Pygmies are those of Africa, where the men seldom are more than four and one-half feet tall and the women reach only three and one-half feet. If one imagines an adult-proportioned Swedish gymnast with a well-formed muscular body, a mouth reaching from the centre of each cheek, a flattened nose, a protruding, upper jaw and a sloping forehead, which gives him an apish appearance, then one has a mental picture of a Pygmy man.

"Many of these little fellows live so much like monkeys that they have been suspected of being the 'missing link.' They look upon any kind of work with scorn and a boe or any other instrument of agriculture would be a curiosity to them.

"Wild fruits, nuts, tender shoots, and various roots are favorites in their diet, and for meat they go hunting. Birds and small game are food staples, with occasional delicacies such as elephants, rats and crocodiles.

"Modern landlords would become bankrupt in Pygmyland. Many of the tribes remain in one space only a week or two, then, when their sources of easy gotten food are exhausted, they move on to another region. There they stay until the choice roots and fruits are consumed, and the birds and wild game are scared away by their arrows.

"The Pygmies, unlike their neighbor tribes, usually have no chiefs, though they often rally around a superior huntsman as a leader. Formal wars are unknown, and among them but they follow strict moral codes. Fighting is seldom noted, and murders are few. When one is committed in a Pygmy village there is no trial, but the murderer risks being killed from ambush by his victim's next-of-kin.

"Explorers attest that lying and stealing are uncommon among the little people and tribes which do not usually trust fellow tribesmen are so impressed with Pygmy honesty that the Pygmy often becomes a cattle herder for his native neighbors.

"When the young Pygmy's fancy turns to love, he begins to count his arrows, for marriage in Pygmyland is a matter of trading between the girl's father and the diminutive swain.

"In some tribes the fixed price for a wife is from ten to fifteen arrows, but if the prospective bride-groom appears over-enthusiastic the cost may be increased by one or two arrows or some tobacco. After the ceremony the husband goes hunting and the wife goes to work.

"A real letter day is celebrated among African Pygmies when an elephant is killed. When they smell an elephant in the vicinity of their encampment the whole tribe is called into action. They climb trees in the path they believe the animal will take. Then, jumping from limb to limb, the hunters spear the animal, and by so doing cause him to collide with trees, thus making him commit suicide.

"Once assured the elephant can do them no harm they swarm over him like ants and cut away his flesh for food. They have no way of preserving the flesh so they are apt to hover about the carcass until nothing but the skeleton remains. Tusks are bidden to be traded for tobacco and salt, which are among the few Pygmy luxuries."

FORTUNE'S FAVORS

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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"It is the only way," spoke Harley Wynne decisively.

He had been grimly viewing the street outside from his office window, absorbed in deep calculation. Now he arose with a face expressing resolution and a certain degree of satisfaction, as though he had solved a difficult problem.

Looking back, the tides of life had never flouted him amid serene currents. His mother had died when he was ten years of age and when he was five years older his father had gone to South America. For four years the money, sufficient to keep him at school and cover his living expenses, had come to Bryce Manton, a lawyer. One day Manton came to the college where Harley was, more cold and unsympathetic than ever.

"I bring you bad news," he told Harley. Your father has fallen a victim to a malignant fever in the interior of Peru, and through a native revolution has lost all he had. He was an old-time friend of mine, and I feel it a duty to help you through your education and see you started on the road of business life. I am not a man of any pretentious resources, however, and I expect you to be as co-operative and economical as possible."

Harley kept on with his studies. Manton was exacting and niggardly, and Harley was compelled to work outside during spare hours to keep the wolf from the door. He graduated with honors as a physician, and Manton purchased for him the practice of a doctor who had just died. Then Manton cast him off as he would an old glove.

If Bryce Manton had purposely intended to depress Harley and defeat his plans of getting on in the world, he couldn't have started him out less favorably. Harley found that the practice of his predecessor had never been large, and what there was of it had already been distributed among professional rivals. Day after day, week after week Harley waited in his office for patients who never came. At the end of six months he was forced to take some definite action.

"If it didn't mean never seeing her again," murmured Harley ruefully. He was thinking of the only girl he had ever loved. He had received an urgent call one day to attend a little child taken suddenly ill and found himself at the home of John Essex, a man of established wealth and position. Harley was successful in carrying his patient through a siege of illness and received a liberal fee. Through all his ministrations to the little sufferer, her sister, Hilda, a lovely young lady of twenty, had assisted Harley. She was one of those hopeful, happy beings whose innate goodness and gentleness give a helpful tinge to life, and with Harley she had been unusually gracious, almost encouraging. Of course, he had no thought of aspiring to this child of high social position and wealth, but he could not help but bear her image constantly in his thoughts. She was vividly in his mind now, when a note entered the room whom Harley recognized as the Essex chauffeur.

"Miss Essex is in the machine below," he reported, "and wishes to see you, if you please."

Miss Essex greeted Wynne with her usual friendly warmth, but looked serious and anxious as she indicated a man lying back in the seat.

"We found him in a collapsed condition down the road," she explained. Will you not give him the attention he requires?"

"Surely," responded Wynne.

He was a broad-set, wiry man, much wasted away, but as he opened his eyes there was almost a thrilling glow of intensity and emotion in their depths. Wynne examined the circumstances of his presence.

"It was only a spell of weakness," began the stranger, and then, changing to observe the name on the clouded glass of the office door, he cried out shrilly:

"Is that your name?"

"Yes," assented Wynne.

"Was your father Almon Wynne?"

"Why do you ask these questions?" pressed Wynne, noting a growing eagerness and excitement in the manner of his interlocutor.

"Because I am seeking the truth. You must know Bryce Manton. Has he cared for you liberally? Has he yet paid to you your fortune?"

"My fortune!" exclaimed Wynne bewildered, and then, as he was persistently urged by his strange patient, he imparted the facts of his experience with the lawyer.

"Come with me," spoke the other earnestly. "There is a fate in this. I was with your father when he died. It was I who sent to Manton his fortune and my own, but was prevented from following because for three years I have been a captive with a native tribe."

Bryce Manton cringed like a craven when confronted with the evidence of his misappropriation. Under the agreement that he should not be publicly exposed he offered restitution, and this made Harley Wynne a rich man.

He did not press his suit vainly with the parents of Hilda. As to the young lady herself, love had already paved the way for the success of his addresses.

SCOTTISH FISHERMEN.

The Go-Ahead North Brings an Ancient Industry Up to Date.

Scotland has always been famous for supplying Europe with the finest fish, especially kippers, haddocks, and other dainty delicacies of the dried variety, and it comes as good news that the Scottish fishing industry is at last beginning to recover from the depression which has overshadowed it for some years.

This cheery state of affairs is due, in great measure, to the introduction of modern methods. The greatest part of the tonnage engaged in fishing is now in motor and steam fleets, which have a far greater catching power than the old sailing-boats.

No fewer than 27,000 men are engaged in fishing North of the Tweed, and of these only about 8,000 are employed on the old-fashioned sailing craft. The total value of the fishing fleet, including tackle, is estimated to be not less than £4177,300.

Another factor which is playing a big part in the revival of prosperity is wireless. A system of daily broadcasting of fishing results from Aberdeen has been started, and it is expected that this will become a permanent feature.

Full advantage is also taken of the telegraphic facilities for the purpose of maintaining a news service between the different ports with regard to the state of the catches, the quality of the fish, prices, weather conditions, and so on. As adequate wireless equipment is provided on all fishing vessels, however, the fleet will become independent of the telegraph.

PECULIAR PENNIES.

Copper Coin of 1644 Weighs Over Forty Pounds.

Most people look upon George IV. pennies, which are still seen occasionally, as the most cumbersome coins ever made. But these are put completely in the shade by some of the old Swedish pieces.

One coin dated 1644 consists of a slab of copper ten inches square and weighing six and a half pounds. When in circulation its value was but sixteen shillings.

But even this coin does not hold the record for size. In the museum at Falun, in Sweden, there is a copper coin of 1644, which measures twenty-five inches by thirteen and weighs over 40 pounds.

It is believed that the celebrated family heirloom in the world is the 1sse penny, which has been in the possession of the lockharts of Lee, in Lanarkshire, since the Crusades. It is a silver coin, and at one time formed a part of the ransom for a Saracen chief.

Its value mainly depends on the fact that it is supposed to be capable of curing any acute ailment, and this purpose it was hired in the year 1805 by a plague-stricken town in exchange for securities valued at £25,000.

Probably the smallest gold coin in the world is that recently minted at Geneva for the use of the Bureau of Nations. Though called a franc, it has nothing in common with the familiar French piece, being worth only one penny in British money. It is octagonal in shape, and on one side are engraved the initials "S.d.N." and "Société des Nations."

So tiny is the coin, however, that the letters can be read only by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, while its weight is less than that of an ordinary postage stamp.

This peculiar coin is not intended for general circulation, but represents the unit of universal value. Its actual weight is given officially as 0.0225806 of a gramme.

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The Strength of the Pines

By Edison Marshall

Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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She saw the resolve in his face, and she snatched the rifle from his hands. She hurled it to her shoulder and three times fired blindly toward the retreating Turners.

At that instant Bruce seemed to come to life. His thoughts had been clear ever since the tree had been struck; his vision was straighter and more far-reaching than ever in his life before, but now his muscles weakened, too. He sprang toward the girl and snatched the rifle from her hand. She fought for it, and he held her with a strong arm.

"Wait—wait, Linda," he said gently. "You've wasted three cartridges now. There are only two left. And we may need them some other time."

He held her from him with his arm; and it was as if his strength flowed into her. Her blazing eyes sought his, and for a long second their wills battled. And then a deep wonder seemed to come over her.

"What is it?" she breathed. "What have you found out?"

She spoke in a strange and distant voice. Slowly the fire died in her eyes, the drawn features relaxed, her hands fell at her side. He drew her away from the lighted doorway, out of the range of any of the Turners that should turn to answer rifle fire. The wind roared over the house and swept by in clamoring fury, the electric storm dimmed and lessened as it journeyed on.

These two knew that if death spared them in all the long passage of their years, they could never forget that moment. The girl watched him breathlessly, oblivious to all things else. He seemed wholly unaware of her now. There was something aloof, impassive, infinitely calm about him, and a great, far-reaching understanding was in his eyes. Her own eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Linda, there's something come to me—and I don't know that I can make you understand. I can only call it strength—a new strength and a greater strength than I ever had before. It's something that the pines—that great tree that we just saw split open—has been trying to tell me for a long time. Oh, can't you see, Linda? There it stood, hundreds of years—so great, so tall, so wise—in a moment broken like a reed. It takes away my arrogance, Linda. It makes me see myself as I really am. And that means—Power."

His eyes blazed, and he caught her hands in his.

"It was a symbol, Linda, not only of the wilderness, but of powers higher and greater than the wilderness. Powers that can look down, and not be swept away by passion, and not try to tear to pieces those who in their folly harm them. There's no room for such things as vengeance in this new strength. There's no room for murder and malice, and hatred, and bloodshed."

Linda understood. She knew that this new-found strength did not mean renunciation of her cause. It did not mean that he would give over his attempt to reinstate her as the owner of her father's estates. It only meant that the impulse of personal vengeance was dead within him. He knew now—the same as ever—that the duty of the men that moved upon the earth was to do their allotted tasks, and without hatred and without passion to overcome the difficulties that stand in the way. She realized that if one of the Turners should leap through the door and attack her, Bruce would kill him without mercy or regret. She knew that he would make every effort to bring the offenders to the law. But the ability to shoot a fleeing enemy in the back, because of wrongs done long ago, was past.

Bruce's vision had come to him. He knew that if vengeance had been the creed of the powers that ruled the world, the sphere would have been destroyed with fire long since. To stand firm and straight and unflinching; not to judge, not to condemn, not to resent; this was true strength.

"I know," the girl said, her thoughts wandering afar. "Perhaps the name for it all is—tolerance."

"Perhaps," he nodded. "And possibly it is only—worship!"

* * * * * * *

The Turners had gone. The dimming lightning revealed the entire attacking party half a mile distant and out of rifle range on the ridge; and Bruce and Linda stole together out into the storm.

The green foliage of the tree had already burned away, but some of the upper branches still glowed against the dark sky. A fallen branch anchored on the ground, hissing in the rain, and lighted their way.

Awed and mystified, Bruce halted before the ruin of the great tree. He had almost forgotten the stress of the moment just passed. It did not even occur to him that some of his enemies, unseen before, might still be lurking in the shadow, watching for a chance to harm. They stood a moment in silence. Then Bruce uttered one little gasp and stretched his arm into the ruins that the cleft in the trunk had revealed.

The light from a burning branch behind him had shown him a small, dark object that had evidently been inserted in the hollow tree trunk through some little aperture that had either since been closed up or they had never observed. It was a leathern wallet, and

And the Triumph on Bruce's Face Changed to a Singular Look of Wonder.

ink. Then he looked up with brightening eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The secret agreement between your father and mine," he told her simply. "And we've won."

He watched her eyes brighten. It seemed to him that nothing life had ever offered had given him the same pleasure. It was a moment of triumph. But before half of its long seconds were gone, it became a moment of despair.

A rifle spoke from the coverts beyond—one sharp, angry note that rose distinct and penetrating above the noise of the distant thunder. A little tongue of fire darted, like a snake's head, in the darkness. And the triumph on Bruce's face changed to a singular look of wonder.

CHAPTER XXVIII

To Simon, he sighted seemingly ended in triumph, after all. It had looked dark for a while. The bolt of lightning, setting fire to the pine, had deranged all of his plans. His men had been thrown from their horses, the blazing pine tree had left them exposed to fire from the house, and they had not yet caught their mounts and rallied. Young Bill and himself, however, had tied their horses before the lightning had struck and had lingered in the thickets in front of the house for just such a chance as had been given them.

He had not understood why Bruce had not opened fire on the fleeing Turners. He wondered if his enemy were out of ammunition. The tragedy of the Sentinel Pine had had no meaning for him; and he had held his rifle cocked and ready for the instant that Bruce had shown himself.

Young Bill had heard his little exultant gasp when Linda and Bruce had come out, into the firelight. Plainly they had kept track of all the attacking party that had been visible, and supposed that all their enemies had gone. He felt the movement of Simon's strong arms as he raised the rifle. Those arms were never steadier. In the darkness the younger man could not see his face, but his own fancy pictured it with entire clearness. The eyes were narrowed and red, the lines cut deep about the bloodhound lips, and mercy was as far from him as from the Killer who hunted on the distant ridge.

But Simon didn't fire at once. The two were coming steadily toward him, and the nearer they were the better his chance of success in the unsteady light. He sat as breathless, as wholly free from telltale motion as a puma who waits in ambush for an approaching deer. He meant to take careful aim. It was his big chance, and he intended to make the most of it.

The two had halted beside the ruined pine, but for a moment Simon held his fire. They stood rather close together; he wanted to wait until Bruce offered a clear target. And at that instant Bruce had drawn the leather wallet from the tree.

Curiosity alone stayed Simon's finger as Bruce had opened it. He saw the gleam of the white paper in the dim light; and then he understood.

Simon was a man of rigid, unwavering self-control; and his usual way was to look a long time between the sights before he fired. Yet the sight of that document—the missing Folger-Ross agreement on which had hung victory or defeat—sent a violent impulse through all his nervous system. For the first time in his memory his reflexes got away from him.

It had meant too much; and his finger pressed back involuntarily against the trigger. He had not taken his usual deliberate aim, although he had seen Bruce's figure clearly between the sights the instant before he fired. Simon was a rifleman, bred in the bone, and he had no reason to think that the hasty aim meant a complete miss. He did suffice, however, the difficulties of night shooting—a realization that all men who have lingered after dusk in the duck blind experience sooner or later—and he looked up over his sights to see the result of his shot. His self-control had completely returned to him; and he was perfectly cold about the whole matter.

From the first second he knew he had not completely missed. He raised his rifle to shoot again.

But Bruce's body was no longer revealed. Linda stood in the way. It looked as if she had deliberately thrown her own body as a shield between.

Simon spoke then—a single, terrible oath of hatred and jealousy. But in a second more he saw his triumph. Bruce swayed, reeled and fell in Linda's arms, and he saw her half-drag him into the house.

He stood shivering, but not from the cold that the storm had brought. "Come on," he ordered Young Bill. "I think we've downed him for good, but we've got to get that paper."

* * * * * * *

But Simon did not see all things clearly. He had little real knowledge of the little drama that had followed his shot from ambush.

Human nature is full of odd quirks and twists, and among other things, symptoms are misleading. There is an accepted way for men to act when they are struck with a rifle bullet. They are expected to reel, to throw their arms wide, and usually to cry out. The only trouble with these actions, as men who have been in battlefields know very well, is that they do not usually happen in real life.

Bruce, with Linda's eyes upon him, took one rather long, troubled breath. And he did look somewhat puzzled. Then he looked down at his shoulder.

"I'm hit, Linda," he said in a quiet way. "I think just a scratch."

The tremendous shock of any kind of wound from a thirty-forty caliber bullet had not seemingly affected him outwardly at all. Some hours were to pass before he completely understood. The truth was that the shock of that rifle bullet, ordinarily striking a blow of a ton, had stunned him for the moment an ability to make any logical interpretation of events. The girl moved swiftly, yet without giving an impression of leaping, and stood very close and in front of him. Then the lightning movement she had made of her own body a shield for his, in case the assassin in the covert should shoot again.

Her arms went about and seized his shoulders. "Stagger," she whispered quickly. "Pretend to fall. It's the one chance to save you."

He dispelled the mists in his own brain and obeyed her. He swayed, and her arms went about him. Then he fell forward.

Her strong arms encircled his waist and with all her magnificent young strength she dragged him in the door. It was noticeable, however—to all eyes except Bruce's—that she kept her own body as much as she could between him and the ambush. In an instant they had left the darkened room. Bruce stood up, once more wholly master of himself.

"You're not hurt bad?" she asked quickly.

"No. Just a deep scratch in the arm muscle near the shoulder. Bullet just must have grazed me. But it's bleeding pretty bad."

"Then there's no time to be lost." Her hands in eagerness went again to his shoulder. "Don't you see—he'll be here in a minute. We'll steal out the back door and try to ride down to the courts before they can overtake us—"

In one instant he had grasped the idea; and he laughed softly in the gloom. "I know. I'll snatch two blankets and the food. You get the horse."

She sprang out the kitchen door and he hurried into the bedrooms. He snatched two of the warmest blankets from the beds and hurled them over his shoulder. He hooked the camp ax on his belt; then hastened into the little kitchen. He took up the little sack containing a few pounds of jerked venison, spilled out a few pieces for Elmira, and carried it—with a few pounds of flour—out to meet Linda. The horse still stood saddled, and with deft hands they tied on their supplies and fastened the blankets in a long roll in front of the saddle.

"Get on," she whispered. "I'll get up behind you."

She spoke in the utter darkness; he felt her breath against his cheek. Then the lightning came dimly and showed him her face.

"No, Linda," he replied quietly. "You are going alone—"

She cut him off with a despairing cry. "Oh, please, Bruce—I won't! I'll stay here, then—"

"Don't you see?" he demanded. "You can make it out without me. I'm wounded and bleeding, and can't tell how long I can keep up. We've only got one horse, and without me to weigh him down you can get down to the courts—"

"And leave you here to be murdered? Oh, don't waste the precious seconds any more. I won't go with out you. I mean it. If you stay here, I do, too. Believe me if you ever believed anything."

Once more the lightning revealed her face, and set in the determination of a zealot. He knew that she spoke the truth. He climbed with some difficulty into the saddle. A moment more and she swung up behind him.

The entire operation had taken an astonishingly short period of time. Bruce had worked like mad, wholly disregarding his injured arm. Just beyond, Simon with ready rifle was creeping toward the house.

"Which way, Bruce?" asked.

"The out-trail—around the mountain," she whispered. "Simon will overtake us on the other—he's got a magnificent horse. On the mountain trail we'll have a better chance to keep out of his sight."

She spoke hurriedly, yet conveyed her message with entire clearness. They knew what they had to face, these two. Simon and whoever of the clan was with him would lose no time in springing in pursuit. They each had a strong horse, they knew the trails, they carried long-range rifles and would open fire at the first glimpse of the fugitives. Bruce was wounded; slight as the injury was, it would seriously handicap them in such a test as this. Their one chance was to keep to the remote trails, to lurk unseen in the thickets and try to save the result of his shot. His self-control had completely returned to him; and he was perfectly cold about the whole matter.

From the first second he knew he had not completely missed. He raised his rifle to shoot again.

But Bruce's body was no longer revealed. Linda stood in the way. It looked as if she had deliberately thrown her own body as a shield between.

Simon spoke then—a single, terrible oath of hatred and jealousy. But in a second more he saw his triumph. Bruce swayed, reeled and fell in Linda's arms, and he saw her half-drag him into the house.

He stood shivering, but not from the cold that the storm had brought. She could look straight along a rifle barrel! A few moments were lost as Young Bill and himself encircled the thickets, keeping out of the gleam of the smoldering tree. Its light was almost gone; it hissed and glowed in the wet snow.

They crept up from the shadow, and holding their rifles ready, opened the door. They were somewhat surprised to find it unlocked. The truth was it had been left thus by design; Linda did not wish them to encircle the house to the rear door and discover Bruce and herself in the act of departure. The room was in darkness, and the two intruders rather expected to find Bruce's body on the threshold.

It Was Old Elmira, Cold and Sinister as a Rattler in Its Lair.

These were mountain men; and they had been in rifle duels before. They had the sure instincts of the beasts of prey in the hills without, and among other things they knew it wasn't wise to stand long in an open doorway with the firelight of the ruined pine behind them.

They slipped quickly into the darkness. Then they stopped and listened. The room was deeply silent. They couldn't hear the sound that both of them had so confidently expected—the faint breathing of a dying man. Simon struck a match. The room was quite deserted.

"What's up?" Bill demanded.

Simon turned toward him with a scowl, and the match flickered and burned out in his fingers. "Keep your rifle ready. He may be hiding somewhere—still able to shoot."

They stole to the door of Linda's room and listened. Then they threw it wide.

One of their foes was in this room —an implacable foe whose eyes were glittering and strange in the match-light. But it was neither Bruce nor Linda. It was old Elmira, cold and sinister as a rattler in its lair. Simon entered and carried on.

Holding his rifle like a club, he swung through into Bruce's room, lighted another match, then darted into the kitchen. In the dim match-light the truth went home to him.

He turned, eyes glittering. "They're gone—on Dave's horse," he said. "Thank God, they've only got one horse between 'em and can't go fast. You ride like h—l up the trail toward the store—they might have gone that way. Keep close watch and shoot when you can make 'em out."

"You mean—" Bill's eyes widened.

"Mean! I mean do as I say. Shoot by sound, if you can't see 'em, and don't lose another second or I'll shoot you, too. Aim for the man if a chance offers—but shoot, anyway. Don't stop hunting till you find them—they'll duck out in the brush, sure. If they get through, everything is lost. I'll take the trail around the mountain."

They raced to their horses, untied them, and mounted swiftly. The darkness swallowed them at once.

CHAPTER XXIX

In the depth of gloom even the wild folk—usually keeping so close a watch on those that move on the shadowed trails—did not see Linda and Bruce ride past.

The darkness is usually their time of dominance, but tonight most of them had yielded to the storm and the snow. They hovered in their coverts. What movement there was among them was mostly toward the foothills; for the message had gone forth over the wilderness that the rains had come to stay. The little gnawing folk, emerging for another night's work at filling their larders with food, crept down into the scarcely less impenetrable darkness of their underground burrows. Even the bears, whose furry coats were impervious to any ordinary cold, felt the beginnings of the coldtrance creeping over them. They were remembering the security and warmth of their last winter's dens, and they began to long for them.

The horse walked slowly, head near the ground. The girl made no effort to guide him. The lightning had all but ceased; and in an instant it had become apparent that only by trusting to the animal's instinct could the trail be kept at all; almost at once all sense of direction was lost to them. The snow and the darkness obscured the outline of the ridges against the sky; the trail was wholly invisible beneath them.

After the first hundred yards they had no way of knowing that the horse was actually on the trail. While animals in the light of day cannot see nearly so far or interpret nearly so clearly as human beings, they usually seem to make their way much better at night. Many a frontiersman has been saved from death by realization of this fact; and, bewildered by the ridges, has permitted his dog to lead him into camp. But nature has never devised a creature that can see in the utter darkness, and the gloom that enfolded them now seemed simply unfathomable. Bruce found it increasingly hard to believe that the horse's eyes could make out any kind of dim pathway in the pine needles. The feeling grew on him and on Linda as well, that they were lost and aimlessly wandering in the storm.

Of all the sensations that the wilderness can afford, there are few more dreadful to the spirit than this. It is never pleasant to lose one's bearings—and in the night and the cold and miles from any friendly habitation it is particularly hard to bear. Bruce felt the ages-old essence of the wilderness as never before. It always seemed to be crouching, waiting to take a man at a disadvantage; and like the gods that first make mad those whom they would destroy, it doesn't quite play fair. He understood now certain wilderness tragedies of which he had heard; how tenderfeet—lost among the ridges—had spooked into a wild run that had ended more than once except in exhaustion and death.

Bruce himself felt a wild desire to lash his horse into a gallop, but he forced it back with all his powers of will. His self-control, sorely overtaxed that folly with entire clearness. It would mean panic for the horse, and then a quick and certain death, either at the foot of a precipice or from a blow from a low-hanging limb. The horse seemed to be feeling its way, rather than seeing.

They were strange, lonely figures in the darkness; and for a long time they rode almost in silence. Then Bruce felt the girl's breath as she whispered.

"Bruce," she said. "Let's be brave and look this matter in the face. Do you think we've got a chance?"

He rode a long time before he answered. He groped desperately for a word that might bring her cheer, but it was hard to find. The cold seemed to deepen about them, the remorseless snow beat into his face.

"Linda," he replied, "it is one of the mercies of this world for men always to think that they've got a chance. Maybe it's only a cruelty in our case."

"I think I ought to tell you something else. I haven't the least way of knowing whether we are on the right trail."

"I know that long ago. Whether we are on any trail at all."

"I've just been thinking. I don't know how many forks it has. We might have already got on a wrong one. Perhaps the horse is turned about and is heading back home—toward Simon's stables."

She spoke dully, and he thrust his arm back to her. "Linda, try to be brave," he urged. "We can only take a chance."

They horse plodded a few more steps. "Brave! To think that it is you that has to encourage me—instead of my trying to keep up your spirits. I will try to be brave, Bruce. And if we don't live through the night, my last remembrance will be of your bravery—how you, injured and weak from loss of blood, still remembered to give a cheery word to me."

"I'm not badly injured," he told her gently. "And there are certain things that have come clear to me lately. One of them is that except for you—throwing your own precious body between—I wouldn't be here at all."

The feeling that they had lost the trail grew upon them. Once they halted to adjust the blankets on the saddle, and they listened for any sounds that might indicate that Simon was overtaking them. But all they heard was the soft rustle of the leaves under the wind-blown snow.

Linda, for the first time, asked: "Does it seem to you to be awfully cold?" She waited a long time before she spoke. This was not the hour to make quick answers. On any decision might rest their success or failure.

"I believe I can stand it—a while longer," she answered at last.

"But I don't think we'd better try to. It's getting cold. Every hour it's colder, and I seem to be getting sleepier. It isn't a real wound, Linda—but it seems to have knocked some of my vitality out of me, and I'm dreadfully in need of rest. I think we'd better try to make a camp."

"And go on by morning light?"

"Yes."

"But Simon might overtake us then."

"We must stay out of sight of the trail. But somehow—I can't help but hope he won't try to follow us on such a night as this."

He drew up the horse, and they sat in the heart of the snow. "Don't make any mistake about that, Bruce," he told him. "Remember, that unless he overtakes us before we come into the protection of the courts, this whole fight is lost. It doesn't alone mean loss of the estate—for which he would risk his life—but that he has a dozen times. It means defeat—a thing that would come hard to Simon. Besides, he's got a fire within him that will keep him warm."

"You mean—hatred?"

"Hatred. Nothing else."

But in spite of it we must make camp. We'll get off the trail—if we're still on it—and try to slip through tomorrow. You can't keep going to sleep if we keep on going this way?"

"I know that I feel a queer dread —and hopelessness—"

"And that dread and hopelessness are just as much danger signals as the sense of cold. And in another hour they'll be upon us. It means that the cold and the snow and the fear are getting the better of us. Linda, it's a race with death. Don't misunderstand me or disbelieve me. It isn't Simon alone now. It's the cold and the snow and the fear. The thing to do is to make camp, keep as warm as we can in our blankets, and push on in the morning. For two full day's ride, going fast, the best we can go—and God knows what will happen before the end."

"Then turn off the trail, Bruce," the girl told him.

"I don't know that we're even on the trail."

"Turn off, anyway. As long as we stay together—it doesn't matter."

She spoke very quietly. Then he felt a strange thing. A warmth which even that great cold could not transcend swept over him. For her arms had crept out under his arms and encircled his great breast, then pressed with all her gentle strength.

No word of encouragement, no cheery expression of hope could have meant so much. Not defeat, not even the long darkness of death itself could appall him now. All that he had given and suffered and endured—all the mighty effort that he had made had in an instant been shown in its true light, a thing worth while, a sacrifice attoned for and redeemed.

They headed off into the thickets blindly, letting the horse choose the way. They felt him turn to avoid some object in his path—evidently a fallen tree—and they mounted a slight ridge or rise. Then they felt the wet touch of fir branches against their cheeks.

Bruce stopped the horse and both dismounted. Both of them knew that under the drooping limbs of the tree they would find, at least until the snows deepened, comparative shelter from the storm. Here, rolled in their blankets, they might pass the remainder of the night hours.

Bruce tied the horse, and the girl unrolled the blankets. But she did not lay them together to make a rude bed—and the dictates of conventionality had nothing whatever to do with it. If one put more warmth could have been achieved by it, these two would have lain side by side through the night hours between the same blankets. She knew, however, that more warmth could be achieved if each of them took a blanket and rolled up in it; thus they would get two thicknesses instead of one and no openings to admit the freezing air. When this was done they lay side by side, economizing the last atom of warmth.

The night hours were dreary and long. The rain beat into the limbs above them, and sometimes it sifted through. At the first gray of dawn Bruce opened his eyes.

His dreams had been troubled and strange, but the reality to which he wakened gave him no sense of relief. He fought a little battle, lying there, under the snow-covered limbs of the fir tree. Because it was one in which no blows were exchanged, no shots fired, and no muscles called into action, it was no less a battle, trying and stern. It was a fight waged in his own spirit, and it seemed to rend him in twain.

The whole issue was clear in his mind at once. The cold had deepened in these hours of dawn, and he was slowly, steadily freezing to death. Even now the blood flowed less swiftly in his veins. Death itself, in the moment, had lost all horror for him; rather it was a thing of peace, of ease. All he had to do was to lie still. Just close his eyes—and soft shadows would drop over him.

They would drop over Linda too. She lay still beside him; perhaps they had already fallen. The war he had waged so long and so relentlessly would end in blissful calm. Outside there was only snow and cold and

At the First Gray of Dawn Bruce Opened His Eyes.

wracking limbs and pain, only further conflict with tireless enemies, only struggle to tear his agonized body to pieces; and the bitterness of defeat in the end. He saw his chances plain as day beneath that gray sky. Even now, perhaps, Simon was upon them. Only two little rifle shells remained with which to combat him, and he doubted that his wounded arm would hold the rifle steady. There were weary, innumerable miles between them and any shelter, and only the terrible, trackless forest lay between.

Then why not lie still and let the curtains fall? This was an easy, tranquil passing, and many people knew what dreadful mode of egress would be his if he rose to battle further. All the argument seemed on one side.

But high and bright above all this burned the indomitable flame of his spirit. To rise, to fight, to struggle on. Never to yield until the Power above decreed! To stand firm, even as the pines themselves. The dominant greatness that Linda had found in this man rose in him, and he set his muscles like iron.

He shook off the mists of the frost in his brain, and he knelt by Linda and shook her shoulders in his hands. She opened her eyes.

"Get up, Linda," he said gently. "We have to go on."

She started to object, but a message in his eyes kept her from it. His own spirit went into her. He helped her to her feet.

"Help me roll the blankets," he commanded. "And take out enough food for breakfast. We can't stop to eat it here. I think we're in sight of the main trail; whether we can find it—in the snow—I don't know. We must get farther into the thickets before we stop to eat."

They were strange figures in the snow flurries as they went to work to roll the blankets into a compact bundle. The food she had taken from their stores for breakfast he thrust into the pocket of his coat; the rest, with the blankets, she tied swiftly on the horse. They unfastened the animal and for a moment she stood holding the reins while Bruce crept back on the hillside to look for the trail.

The snow swept round them, and they felt the lowering menace of the cold. And at that instant those dread spirits that rule the wilderness, jealous then and jealous still of the intrusion of man, dealt them a final, deadly blow.

To be Continued.

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23-1-r

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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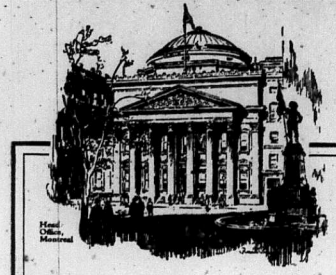

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Established 1817

ASSETS and LIABILITIES

30th October, 1926

ASSETS

Cash on hand	$ 83,411,634.39
Deposits with and notes and cheques of other Banks	50,844,527.81
Deposit with Central Gold Reserve	17,000,000.00
Call and Short loans on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	160,811,302.37
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	79,157,614.28
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	20,230,754.26
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	4,463,251.16
Quick Assets	$424,919,084.27
Loans and Discounts and other Assets	330,853,870.06
Bank Premises	11,800,000.00
Liabilities of customers under letters of credit (as per contra)	13,952,190.87
Total Assets	$781,525,145.20

LIABILITIES TO PUBLIC

Notes in circulation	47,175,980.30
Deposits	656,250,467.65
Letters of credit outstanding	13,952,190.87
Other liabilities	2,030,127.20
Total Liabilities to Public	$ 719,417,775.22
Excess of Assets over Liabilities to Public	$ 62,107,369.98

THE VILLAGE OF LARGO

WHERE ALEXANDER SELKIRK WAS BORN.

Scottish Fishing Hamlet Has Undergone No Great Change—Has Slept Through Centuries—Hero of Scottish Navy Also Lived There.

The little fishing village of Largo, Fifeshire, Scotland, the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk, the undoubted original of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," has undergone no great change since its famous son set out on his travels, writes John Landels Love; but it has recently come into prominence through a cable flashed across the world announcing the death there of William Gillies, the last direct descendant of Defoe's hero.

All around the hamlet bustling burgs have sprung into life but Largo, hugging the shore at the foot of steep bluffs that rise off from the world on its landward side, has slept through the centuries. Its narrow lanes thread aimlessly in all directions, ending casually on the shore. Its fisher cots are delightfully irregular as to frontage and elevation and give the visitor the impression that they were shaken from a dice box. The main occupation of the little burg is catering to guests during the summer months and during the winter season looking forward to their return, interspersed with an occasional fishing spell at all times.

Largo has a harbor which was doubtless a port of some significance when Alexander Selkirk was a boy and at whose curving wharf he probably made acquaintance with the tarry women whose romantic calling was to charm him from home. According to modern ideas, this anchorage is given the name of "harbor" only as a courtesy title. Its stone pier is barely more than a breakwater and it very inadequately serves that purpose when winds are high from the east and breakers roll in from the North Sea sweeping with unrestrained force clean over the low barrier behind which a few diminutive fishing boats toss in the churning waters. It is hard to conceive of ocean-going vessels setting sail from such a port, but the galleons and frigates of Crusoe's day were often grateful for its meagre dating shelter. In the pier itself curving gracefully about the mouth of the brook whose waters keep clear the channel for the fishermen's boats are blocks of masonry of so obvious an antiquity that they must have been built, serving a similar purpose when young Rob Crusoe was a lad. Without a doubt he sat him down on these rough hewn stones and emulated the fisherman of a later day who sang:

"I cast my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine.
There's three to buy
And three to fry
And three to bait the line."

According to his biographers, young Robinson was a bit of a terror and several escapades into which he fell led to his joining up with the South Sea buccaneers in his 28th year. Quarrelling with his skipper he was, at his own request, set ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez. Here he lived, as Defoe has told all generations for all time, for four years and four months, his rescue being effected by Thomas Dover, a London M.D. who had turned privateer. Selkirk returned to Largo, married and settled down founding a family whose last representative died on September 1, 1926. This descendant, William Gillies, had in his blood something of the Crusoe penchant for retirement. For many years he lived practically a recluse, occupying a house that overlooked a net factory where for generations his people had weaved nets for the fishermen whose home-nests are dotted along the Fifeshire coast. It is several decades since the sound of the net looms has been heard, however, and the stunt and attractive house set within their high walls have formed an island shut off from the world. Mr. Gillies was justifiably proud of his ancestry and some years ago he presented Largo with a fine bronze statue of his forebear showing Robinson in the full regalia of his island home.

Selkirk's is not the only name that has lent prestige to Largo. In the fifteenth century Sir Andrew Wood, a touch old sea dog who built up a Scottish navy that never knew defeat in his day, and who harassed the English by an early and highly successful application of the hit-and-run methods of Paul Jones, set up house in Largo parish. From his manor to a point half a mile distant this old warrior cut a canal to a tower still in excellent preservation and known as Sir Andrew Wood's tower. It needs little imagination to see young Selkirk and his companions finding endless amusement in appropriating Sir Andrew's canal to their own uses.

A point of interest to Canadians is the very fine railway viaduct that spans the steep dudleyty leading from the main highway into the village of Largo. This viaduct and the roadbed it carries was built by William Sang, a well-known Scottish engineer who trained many railway builders whose handiwork is to be seen in all parts of the Empire, and whose most famous pupil was Sir Sandford Fleming. It was shortly after this section of Fifeshire railway was built that young Fleming came to Canada where he was to construct the Intercolonial and C.P.R. systems.

Saskatchewan Egg Pool.

The recently organized egg and poultry pool in Saskatchewan has 17,000 members, according to the Canadian Government Information Bureau. Egg production in that province is 33,573,363 dozen yearly, while as a poultry raising province Saskatchewan is now second only to Ontario.

Rowntree Buys Cowan's.

The Cowan Chocolate Company of Toronto is reported to have been purchased by the world-renown English cocoa, chocolate and confectionery firm of Rowntree & Co. It is said that a sum totalling a million and a half or more is involved in the transaction.

The foreign trade exports out of Vancouver, B.C., have risen 400 per cent. in the past five years.

INDIANS "ROW" CANOES

SWAMPY CREES SPEND LIVES FREIGHTING.

Physical Endurance of Men Who Propel Canoes Up and Down the Nelson River Is Remarkable—Only Canvas-Covered Canoes Used.

Interesting sidelights on canoeing as a business and not as a pleasure are given by the Swampy Cree Indians who spend their lives in freighting canoes on the Nelson river between Kettle Rapids and Hudson Bay, says W. J. Scott in Toronto Star Weekly. They are certainly among the most expert canoe men in Canada, and on a river that is admittedly very hard on canoes they operate with the most astonishing safety.

The first thing that strikes an outsider is that they row their canoes instead of paddling them. The regular crew for a canoe is two Indians —they refuse to work with even the most expert white man as part of the crew—one rowing from the centre of the canoe and the other steering in the stern with a paddle.

Even going down most of the rapids, the canoes are rowed and not paddled. The only time the rower ever takes a paddle is when he has to go to the bow and "feel" for rocks.

Some idea of the vast size of the Nelson river will be realized when it is considered that it drains most of Western Canada and parts of the United States for in it are combined the waters of the Bow river, the Saskatchewan, the Red and the Assiniboine, not to mention a host of smaller rivers. Its flow can almost be likened to that of the Niagara river and there are rapids on it which almost compare with the Niagara Gorge.

Only canvas-covered canoes are used, usually 18-foot freighters. A canoe last one year and possibly two, for the mortality from scraping on rocks is exceedingly high.

There are four methods of propelling canoes on the Nelson, and none of these is paddling. Going down river it is mostly a matter of rowing. Coming up it is tracking. If there is a favorable wind they use a sail. And finally in spite of the worst rapids coming up they pole the canoes.

For the rowing they use home-made oars, with straight sides and the ends often pointed. This is so the oar can be used as an emergency pole. Attaching the oar to the canoe is another home-made device. A tree is found with a small branch coming out at right angles, and this section is chopped off with an axe and nailed to the gunwale. Then a leather strap is nailed on the oar handle with a loop for the improvised pin. On the pull stroke the oar comes against the wooden pin, and on the return against the strap.

The Indians have adopted the white man's method of rowing for the simple reason that it is more business-like than paddling. They get great speed out of their canoes by rowing with less effort than they could possibly get paddling. Then in rapids and rough water the oars help to keep the canoe on an even keel

It is remarkable the physical endurance they display. As a matter of curiosity I timed one of my rowers in his little, choppy strokes. He started off at the rate of fifty strokes per minute. I timed him every half hour until he stopped, three hours and a half later, and he was never once more than one stroke away from his original rate of fifty. And in that whole time he never stopped once for a breathing spell.

Sometimes in the fifty miles of river nearest Hudson Bay the Indians get a favorable wind and put up their home-made sails, a piece of square canvas. A small dead spruce is cut for a mast, one end lashed across the top of the sail and the other diagonally to the upper outside corner, and the sail controlled by a line to the lower outside corner.

Two things are notable in an Indian's sailing as compared to the white man's sailing. The first is that if a sudden gust of wind comes they ease the canoe by turning it into the wind, where a white man would let his sail go. The second is that they go out in weather a white man would hesitate to face. While at Port Nelson I crossed the Nelson river, there three miles and a half across, when the waves were so high that at times when in the trough we could not see the shore. And all the time we were sailing with a gusty beam wind and the line to the sail tightly tied to a thwart.

One other things stand out, and that is that the Indians never seem to care what they do in the canoe. It used to make me quite nervous at first when—half a mile out from shore—my two canoemen used to change places in the canoe by walking along the gunwales. Rather than climb over the baggage in the centre, one would walk along the left gunwale at the same time his mate walked on the right gunwale. It was exciting for them to stand up in the canoes—the only thing I never got to like was when they would stand up at the top of a rapids and point in different directions. In running rapids I much prefer to have unanimity among the crew as to the best route.

It is a hard life that these Nelson river canoemen lead during the summer months. Their season starts usually early in July and lasts until the end of September. Incidentally all the travelling on Nelson river is an air-tight monopoly which is not broken by either the Hudson Bay Company or the Government railway officials and experts on the way to Port Nelson. All transportation on the river is controlled by Luke Clemons of Kettle Rapids and Pickwitonel, who even is the official mail carrier for Port Nelson and York Factory.

Pilgrim Fathers Were Separatists.

The Puritans sought the reform of the Church of England. The Pilgrims were Separatists from the first, who had already left England and formed an independent congregation in Leyden, whence they came to New England. They numbered forty-one families, 102 persons, landing at Plymouth December 20, 1620. They had previously made a covenant known as the Mayflower covenant, which bound them into a civil state with a religious basis. They wished to found "a church without a bishop and a state without a king."

Saskatoon Is Becoming A Milling Centre.

Saskatoon Is Located In Centre of Wheat Growing District.

Saskatoon foresees in itself the milling city of Western Canada. Situated as it is in the centre of a trading area of 25,000,000 acres of arable land, of which approximately one-third is under tillage, there is a real call to be miller. The Quaker Oats Company has had a flour mill in operation at Saskatoon for three years, and all the time is running to its full capacity of 1,200 barrels a day. Recently, the Robin Hood Company opened up a mill with a capacity of 850 barrels a day, and has been running night and day since starting. One of the largest millers of the Old Land is now making inquiries about the possibilities of opening a plant at Saskatoon.

Last year approximately 300,000,000 bushels of grain were shipped from the district, which is considered within the Saskatoon trading area.

Of the Western cities, Saskatoon has had the greatest increase in population. The figures from the Dominion census show a gain for Saskatoon of 21.22 per cent. The building permits for the first nine months of 1926 was a million and three-quarters.

The mills and the facility for getting cheap feed has led to the establishment of several commercial feeding plants for live stock.

The fame of this city has gone far and only recently the secretary of the Board of Trade received a letter from Athens, Greece, asking for quotations on 6,000 tons of hard wheat, 2,500 tons of white flour, and 1,000 tons of granulated sugar. Just why the Grecian firms thought that hard spring wheat and sugar cane or sugar beets would come from the same area, is not apparent, but it is a compliment to the advertising that Saskatoon city has given itself.

The College of Agriculture, which is an integral part of the University, is extending its operations, and has a number of buildings equipped for carrying on its particular work. The College Farm comprises about 830 acres, the Experimental and Increase Plots, 450 acres. Its soil is a chocolate clay loam with clay subsoil. Here and there heavy patches of heavy, hummocky clay appear. Quite a large acreage of wheat and other grains, corn, roots, grasses and sunflowers are raised each year. A rotation of crops is planned such as will tend to maintain the fertility of the soil and make for a permanent system of agriculture on the prairies.

To Grow Rice In Ireland.

Rice growing will be attempted on the estate of Prince Ranjitsinhji, who recently purchased Ballynahinch Castle, Galway. He is confident that the experiment will be successful and that Ireland will benefit considerably.

Work of Missionaries.

Missions to-day are maintaining 54,000 European and American men and women of considerable education, and these missionaries minister to 21,000,000 persons, enroll 4,250,000 children in their schools, operate 1,416 hospitals, and care for 461,000 patients in a year, besides providing dispensary treatment for several other millions.

KING RADIO

For Sale by

King Radio Shop

Don Scott

John St. — Napanee

A Gift For All The Family

CAN you think of any member of the family that won't enjoy this King Radio? To the boy, it will open the University of the World. To the girls, the orchestras from great cities and the voices of noted singers will be a never ending joy. And mother and father, too, will enjoy it to say nothing of the older folks who can't get out as often.

Here is a six-tube set that gives you volume and quality and tone—and costs but very little.

Small Down Payment Puts It In Your Home

A SMALL down payment gets it, installed, all ready to tune in. The balance you pay in convenient monthly amounts as you enjoy the set. Don't wait until our stock is exhausted. Come in today. See this King Radio—hear it—reserve it for one of your choicest gifts. They are going fast and we can get no more until after Christmas.

Better Come In Today Sure

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,
Next to Oaten's.

WINTER FEED
For Your Chickens
BEEF MEAT MEAL
(60% Protein)
$4.50 PER CWT.

—Oyster Shell.
—Grit.
—Poultry Rings.
—Poultry Spices.

GEO. E. WINTER,
Seed Store
Dundas St. Phone 78.

No Change in the Price
Hair Cut
35c.

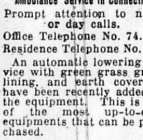
FRED S. SCOTT
BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.
(One door south of Express Office.)

F. C. MARTIN & SON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Ambulance Service in Connection
Prompt attention to night or day calls.
Office Telephone No. 74.
Residence Telephone No. 375

An automatic lowering device with green grass grave lining, and earth covering, have been recently added to the equipment. This is one of the most up-to-date equipments that can be purchased.

Successors to Hambly & Ming.
24-6m



CORNS end the pain quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end the misery of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure*. No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Simple as thin, antiseptic, water-proof. They protect while they heal. Also for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this new magic corn treatment.

***Dr Scholl's* Zino-pads**

Put one on—the pain is gone!
Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

The Haines Shoe Houses

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.
The Great English Preparation.
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $1 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, ONT.
23-1-y

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

Dr. White
Late SOPER & WHITE
2 Toronto St., Toronto
Specialist on Chronic and Blood Diseases
If unable to call send history
48-f

'Phone 92 for clean coal—**VanLuven. A ton means 2000 lbs.**

Mr. Ephriam McLaughlin is a patient in Kingston General Hospital.

Mr. Garfield Sills has purchased the John Cline farm next to his own farm in Richmond.

Why think for hours. Send flowers.—The Flower Shop, John street, Napanee, 'Phone 34.

Mr. Geo. A. Thompson suffered a stroke of paralysis at his home on Monday afternoon and is in a serious condition.

Mr. Jas. Stalker and Mr. J. H. Moffatt of the Gibbard Shops, were in Montreal last week with an exhibit from the Gibbard Factory.

The Sunday School pupils of Trinity and Grace churches are actively preparing for the annual Christmas entertainments of the Sunday Schools.

The degree team of Queen of Sheba Rebekah Lodge paid a fraternal visit to Louise Lodge, Kingston, on Monday last and conferred the Rebekah degree.

Did you ever think of a year's membership in the Library as a Christmas present to your neighbor, friend, servant or employee? Ask the Librarian for a presentation card.

The annual social evening of the Napanee Collegiate Institute will be held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 22nd, in the Assembly Hall. Ex-pupils will be welcomed. Single Tickets $1.00; Couple 75c.

The banks paid out about $70,000 for poultry on the recent poultry days. The Dominion Canners also paid out about $20,000 on Dec. 1st, for the season's produce purchased from the farmers.

Mr. David A. Valleau, a former well-known resident of Napanee, when an official of the Bay of Quinte Railway, has been appointed Collector of Customs at Oshawa. Mr. Valleau has been an employee of the customs office of Oshawa for the past ten years.

Dundas street is taking on an air of Christmas. The merchants are making holiday displays, the streets committee are decorating with green trees and the Hydro are preparing to put up the colored lights to further illuminate and decorate the street for Christmas.

Chief of Police Alex Wilkins, of Deseronto, was badly stunned and bruised about the face between night and two o'clock Friday morning by a party of drunken Indians who were raising a disturbance on Green street, near Dundas street, of that place, in an old dilapidated Ford car.

The Rotary Club concert and Dance on Tuesday night next, the 14th inst., in aid of the Beaver Santa Claus Fund will be held in the new addition of the Gibbard Furniture Shops. Tickets can be obtained from any Rotarian, or at Wallace's or Cooper's Drug Store. Tickets 50c. Entire proceeds go to the Santa Claus Fund.

The annual meeting of the adult Bible Class of Grace Church Sunday School was held in the church parlor on Thursday evening. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Joseph Yeomans; vice-president, Mrs. Thos. Symington; secretary Mr. Geo. Dupree; treasurer, Mr. Joseph Yeomans; teacher Mr. O. S. Reddick; assistant, Mr. R. B. Allen.

A very interesting debate was held at the Collegiate Institute on Wednesday afternoon when the subject "Resolved that the publicity of crime is finally paramount" was of a more satisfactory nature to the community than the non-appearance of the same." The affirmative was taken by Miss Edith MacMorine and Master Charlie Walters, and the negative by Miss Helen Milling and Master Leslie Merritt. Rev. W. P. Woodger, of Grace Church, presided as judge and the decision given was in favor of the affirmative. The classes represented in the debate were 3A and 3B.

'Phone 92 for clean coal—**VanLuven. We make it hot for you.**

SHOULD RESPECT TRADITION.

Market Town Is Considering Pulling Down "Banbury Cross."

It is with sorrow, says the New York Herald-Tribune, we learn that the people of the pleasant market town of Banbury, England, are considering pulling down Banbury Cross. Surely a town which owns a monument sung in every English-speaking nursery should have more respect for its traditions.

It is true that Banbury is celebrated for other things than fine ladies riding on white horses. Returned trans-Atlantic visitors have spoken of Banbury cakes, for example, and there is Banbury puritanism. This would not be the first time that Banbury has pulled down its crosses. In 1610 zealous puritans, for whom the town was famous, destroyed its four ancient crosses, among other things. Dramatists of the seventeenth century satirized the inhabitants in their plays, and there is the verse:

"To Banbury came I, O profane one,
Where I saw a puritane one,
Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

The cross which the motorists of Banbury find so much in their way is a latter-day one which was erected only seventy years ago to commemorate the marriage of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter to the father of the kaiser. But this fact is immaterial. The real point is that there should always be a cross at Banbury so long as nurseries are still singing "Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross."

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr and Mrs. Wm. Sagar are spending the winter in Oshawa.

Miss Mae Steacy has returned from spending a month with friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Ostrom is closing her home on Piety Hill and will spend the winter in Toronto.

Mr. David Roffey is spending a couple of weeks with his sister, Mrs. Jack McPherson.

Miss Ada Cronkright, R.N., Detroit, Mich., is spending the holidays at her home here.

Mr. Ben Vanalstine, Rochester, N.Y., is spending the holidays with friends in Napanee.

Mr. Ray Sexsmith, with his mother, are visiting friends at Cornwall Ont., and Massena, N.Y.

Mr. C. B. Huffman, Bath, left on Wednesday last, to spend the winter with his daughter in Sudbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Elgin McLean, Oshawa, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hudson, Deseronto Road.

Mr. Earl Penny, of Syracuse, N.Y., attended the funeral of the late Ray Husband, Empey Hill, and visited his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Gordon and family, of Kingston, spent Sunday in Napanee, being guests in the home of Dr. R. V. McLaughlin.

Mrs. W. A. Boyce, Syracuse, N. Y., and Mrs. Ola Coulter, Watertown, N.Y., arrived on Sunday to attend the funeral of their nephew, the late Ray Husband, Empey Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Davis left on Saturday to spend the winter in the south with his son, Marshall H. Davis, Memphis, Tenn., and visiting Mrs. Davis' sister and brothers on the way.

BIRTHS

Lowry—At Ernesttown, on Sunday, Dec. 12th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lowry, a daughter.

Wilson—At Napanee, on Saturday, December 11th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid de S. Wilson a son.

DEATHS

Gilbert—At Kingston General Hospital on Tuesday, Dec. 7th, 1926, Wilmot Oscar Gilbert, of Sillsville.

Husband—At Empey Hill, on Saturday, Dec. 11th, 1926, Raymond Husband, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Husband, aged 29 years, 1 month, 5 days.

Huff—At S. Fredericksburgh, on Saturday, Dec. 11th, 1926, Everton H. Huff, aged 6 months.

Schell—At North Fredericksburgh, on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, 1926, William Garrett Schell, aged 48 years.

Snider—At Yarker, on Monday, Dec. 13th, 1926, Carrie Snider, aged 61 years, 11 months, 29 days.

'Phone 92 for clean coal—**VanLuven. We make it hot for you.**

THE TULIP.

Notable For the Variety and Delicacy of Its Colors.

One of the most beautiful of flowers is the tulip, notable for the variety and delicacy of its colors, and the symmetry of its blossom and leaves. The tulip grows wild along the northern shores of the Mediterranean Sea, in Armenia, the Caucasus, Persia, and Northern Africa. Owing to its great beauty, it has been a favorite flower for three centuries, and it has been crossed and recrossed until it is impossible to refer the plants to their original type. The tulip was taken to Holland from Constantinople in the sixteenth century, and there its cultivation has been carried to the highest possible degree. Enormous prices were paid for rare and exceptionally beautiful varieties, and the growing of tulips became a characteristic of the nation. Prices have fallen since those years of the tulip craze, but they are still high as compared with the prices of most other garden plants. The growing of tulips is still an important industry in Holland, for about one million bulbs are exported every year, large numbers coming to this continent. The British Channel Island of Guernsey also produces large numbers of tulips.

There is promise of the culture of tulips becoming a well-established and very profitable industry of British Columbia. Thus far the culture has been confined to Vancouver Island, where it is successfully varied on at Saanichton, Sidney, Copper Hill, Duncan, Royal Oak, and Victoria. Now there is likelihood of its extending to the mainland, where an experienced Dutch bulb producer is investigating the possibilities of the Fraser valley. Proper soil for tulip bulbs is hard to find, a peculiar coarse sand common in Holland being required. Vancouver Island seems to have attended these efforts in the Cloverdale district of the valley where sand has been discovered which, mixed with other soil, it is believed, will prove suitable. Another expert tulip producer is arriving from Holland and the two will jointly conduct the investigations.

That Is Queer.

Call a girl a chick and she smiles; call her a hen and she scowls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat and she hates you. Women are queer.

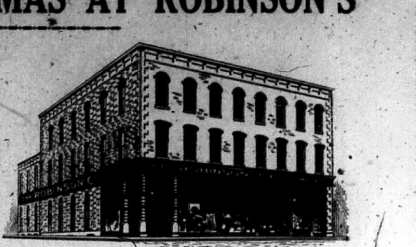
If you call a man a gay dog, it will flatter him; call him a pup, a hound, or a cur, and he will try to alter the map of your face. He doesn't mind being called a bull or a bear, yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Men are queer, too. —The Sunset.

FREE!

One pair candlesticks given away with every 50c tin Rogers' Brushing Lacquer. Easy to apply, dries in 30 minutes. All shades.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

WE ARE READY FOR XMAS AT ROBINSON'S



The Yuletide season is upon us again. The first rush of Xmas buying has started. People of every walk in life seem anxious--exceedingly anxious to extend the Christmas spirit where'er they can. It's a season when we are permitted to shower gifts--greetings and good-fellowship on our friends and acquaintances. It's an age old custom that is growing more and more significant with the passing of the years.

To say "Merry Xmas" effectively, you must buy gifts--appropriate gifts--gifts that will be acceptable--gifts that will be remembered--gifts that are dependable.

Our Store abounds with "Gift Suggestions" from main door to roof. Gifts that we have collected from far and near. Gifts that are unusual, different and economical. We invite your inspection.

THERE ARE HEAPS AND HEAPS OF NEW TOYS AND GAMES IN OUR CHRISTMAS SHOW THIS SEASON

This has been a busy week in our Toy Department. Final shipments have arrived, been unpacked and put "on display" in our Toyland. All the old favorites are back again, along with many new faces that are bound to be sure favorites as soon as they are seen. Boys and girls, before you write your last letter to "Santa Claus" be sure to come in and look over our exceptionally large assortments. Then you'll know exactly what to ask for. Everything is ready—below we mention some of the most interesting.

TOYS AND GAMES FOR BOYS

Hand car and track, 75c.
Climbing fireman, 75c.
Sandy Andy toys, 75c.
Jumping Dog, 50c.
Over and Under, $1.50.
Down and Out, 75c.
Electric Trains, $2.50 to $20.00
Clockwork Trains, $1 to $4.75.
Clockwork Trains ,tunnels and station, $3.00.
Automatic Trains (no track) $4.75, run in circles, triangles, etc.
Speed Boats, 75c.
Friction Motors and Machines, 25c. to $1.50.
Automobiles, 25c. to $1.50.
Kiddy Kars, $3.75, $4.25.
Sleighs, $2.25.
Black Boards, all prices,
Gyroscope Tops, 25c.
Mouth Organs, 15c., 25c., 50c.
Band Instruments, Slide Trombones, $1.00.
Violins, 75c.
Drums, 35c. to $1.95.
Gramophones, with disc record, $1.75.
Billiard Tables, $1.50 complete.
Horns and Bugles, 10c., 15c., 25c., 50c.
Musical Toys, 15c.
Meccano Engineering Outfits, $1.25 to $6.00.
Transformers, $4.50.
Boys' Own Annual, $3.50.

TOYS AND GAMES FOR GIRLS

Games, 25c, 50, 75c. each.
Pastry setts, 75c.
Wash Day setts, $1.00.
Teddy Bears, 50c. to $5.75.
Perfume Bears and Monkeys, 50 and 75c.
Dolls, 15 25, 50 75 $1.00 up.
Shoofly Rockers.
Table and Chairs, $2.75.
Gramophones, $1.75.
Games, 25c., 50c., 75c.
Books, 50c., 75c., $1.35.
Recitations, Dialogues, etc. 50c.
Children's Books, 10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.
Embroidery setts, 50c.
Sewing Cases, $1.95.
Girls' Fiction, 60c.
Black Boards, with chalk and erasers, 95c. to $1.50.
Writing Paper, boxed, 25, 50 75c, 95c, $1.00, $1.25.
Doll Carriages, $2.00 to $8.75.
Doll Blankets, $1.00, $1.25.
Mah Jongg, $2.50.
Crossword Puzzle Blocks, 75c.
Mah Jongg Racks, $1.00 sett.
Musical Cushions, 25c.
Holly in bunches, 25c.
California Dahlias, 2 for 25c.
Games for Girls, 25, 50, 75c.

XMAS SUGGESTIONS FROM THE STAPLE DEPARTMENT

Hemstitched Pillow Cases of sturdy wearing quality nice smooth finish for 80c., 90c., and $1.50 a pair.

Hemstitched Embroidered Pillow Cases, 44 in. size, $1.50 for $1.19 pair.

Dresser Scarfs, lace trimmed, at 49c. and 69c. each.

Three-piece lace trimmed Buffet Setts for 49c. sett.

Fast color Japanese Cloths, 45 in. $1.00 ; 54 in. $1.25 ; 60 in. $1.50 each.

36 in. Nansoon Cloth for kimonos, sacks and Men's house coats, $1.25 value for $1.00 yd.

Cluny, Czecho Slovakia and Madeira Linen Doyleys, from 20c. each to $2.25 each.

2 and 2½ yd. ends all linen Towelling for 50c., 63c., 75c., $1.00.

18 in. fancy old bleach all linen Huck, for $1.00 yd. for guest towel.

3½ yd. dress lengths of fast color Gingham, for $1.00.

5 yd. ends colored stripe Flannelette for pyjamas for $1.50 and $1.75 ; Horrockses for $2.00 per end.

Dainty Lingerie Crepe, in floral patterns, also plain, shades of Pink, Flesh, Peach, Blue, Maize, White and Mauve, for 30c. yard.

33 in. Macinac Flannel for house or children's school dresses, looks like flannel, will wash without shrinking, 35c. yard.

56 in. Victoria Damask, looks like linen, wash with a damp cloth, $1.50 yard.

54 in. square Linenette Table Covers in clever artistic patterns for $1.00 a square.

Grey only Swansdown Blankets, largest size, 72 x 86, specially priced at $3.25 a pair.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL FOR ONE YEAR IS $1.00

A SPLENDID SUGGESTION FOR A XMAS GIFT

Just now the puzzling thought comes—"What shall I give?" A fine answer to the query is a year's reading to the Ladies' Home Journal.

A PARASOL IS ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE

Choice new stock is now ready for selection. New styles of handles, very serviceable covers, specially priced. Black and colors reflect present tendencies. A limited number of cased parasols are also shown. Assortments are now at their best. Special values, $2.95 to $7.59 each.

VISIT THE "GIFT AISLES" ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Time has wrought many changes in our ideas of Xmas gifts. Our "Gift Aisles" featuring especially imported novelties, opens up a "Treasure Chest" of practical and useful suggestions. "What to give" is a problem easily solved.

NOTE THESE SUGGESTIONS :

Useful pieces in CZECHO-Slovakia colored glassware, priced from 50c. to $1.25 each.

Perfume Atomizers, graceful and artistic, priced from $1.25 to $3.95.

Perfume droppers, ornate and colorful, priced from 25c. to $1.00 each.

Red Alabaster Boxes and Novelty China Powder Boxes, priced from $1.00 to $3.00.

Wrought Iron Candle Sticks in single or pairs, priced 85c., 95c. and $1.00 each.

Boxed Notepaper, delicately tinted, imported, priced from 50c. to $1.75 box.

Fancy Ink Wells, for desks (a real man's gift) $1.50 each.

Hand made, hammered brass trays, $1.50 and $1.95 each.

Ash trays in setts and individual pieces, prices 25c. each to $2.95 per sett.

Nickel Pipe Rests, unusual quality, priced $2.95 each.

French Cushions, made up in original shapes and sizes, $2.95 to $3.95 each.

HERE'S CHRISTMAS GOSSIP CONCERNING GIFTS TO SELECT FOR LADY FRIENDS

Dainty Lingerie, what could be more captivating for Xmas gifts among lady friends ?

Our Xmas Lingerie show dresses garments created from Rayon Silk—a material possessing unusual sheen, that is washable and exceptionally durable.

Bloomers, cut in the famous Harvey style with pleated sides. Guaranteed to fit and give excellent service. Small and medium sizes, priced $2.75. Large sizes, $3.00. Procurable in shades of Sunset, June Rose, Jungle Green, Orchid, Peach, Apricot, Platinum, Navy and Black.

"Bloomers"—Made in full regulation style, one row elastic around knee, guaranteed Harvey quality, shown in good range of colors. Medium size, $2.00 ; large size $2.25.

"Gowns"—In two styles, round or square neck, sleeveless, good color combinations, priced $3.50 and $3.75.

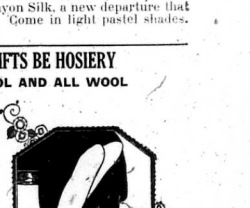
"Pyjamas"—Two-piece styles, trimmed with contrasted colors, exceptionally good fitting garments, priced $6.00 pair.

"Bobettes"—A real short bloomer for the junior girl, shown in an excellent range of colors. Priced $2.69 pair.

"Kimonos"—Made from Rayon Silk, a new departure that is bound to be very successful. Come in light pastel shades. Priced $4.75 each .

LET YOUR XMAS GIFTS BE HOSIERY

SILK, SILK AND WOOL AND ALL WOOL



"Kayser" silk hosiery with run preventing marvel stripe, come in all silk or 23 inch boot with lisle top, shades are Hogar, Arab, Lille, Boulevard, Circassian, Platinum, Paloma, White and Black. Price $2.50, $2.00 pair.

"Harvey" pointed heel 23 inch silk hose, with widened lisle top, extra quality, colors Silver, Gold, Cameo, Parchment, French Nude, Bois de Rose, Platinum, White, Black. Price $1.75pair.

"Diana" chiffon silk, and Venus, service weight, pure thread silk in shades of Oak, Buff, Old Ivory, Champagne, Zinc, price $1.50 pair.

Bi-Tex double silk hose, the hose with an inner lining, colors Mist, Beige, Grain, Black, price $2.50 pair.

Silk and wool hose in fancy checks, stripes, or plain, with elastic ribb top. Price $1.75 and $1.50 pair.

Plated silk on wool in plain shades of Silver, Toast, Black and Sandalwood, price $1.2 5pair.

Silk and wool mixture "Mercury" hose, colors Sunburn, Pongee, Light Fawn, Suede and Clerical Grey, price $1.00 pair.

"Mercury" all wool ribb sports hose, colors Airedale, Grey, and Black, price $1.50 pair.

Penman's all wool plain cashmere Hose, Beige and Grain shades only, price 98c. pair.

Elastic ribb top, all wool plain Cashmere Hose, Black only, at $1.25 and $1.00 pair.

Elastic ribb top, all wool, plain Cashmere Hose, Beige shade only, price 75c. pair.

EXTRAORDINARY VALUES IN MEN'S SWEATER COATS

Two new lines received this past week and as for values, all we ask you to do is to take a look. They come in two qualities :

No. 1—Being mostly cardigan stitch, fairly heavy weight, shawl collar, mostly plain shades, assorted colors, $2.50 each.

No. 2—Absolutely all wool, jumbo stitch, heavy weight, shawl collar, plain shades, a winner at $3.50 each.

See our wonderful and exclusive range of Men's Fine Shirts for the Xmas season. Plain and fancy Broadcloths, stripes, novelties. From $1.50 to $3.95.

Very acceptable for Gifts.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.
LIMITED

We close at 5p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.